

THE LEISURE HOUR



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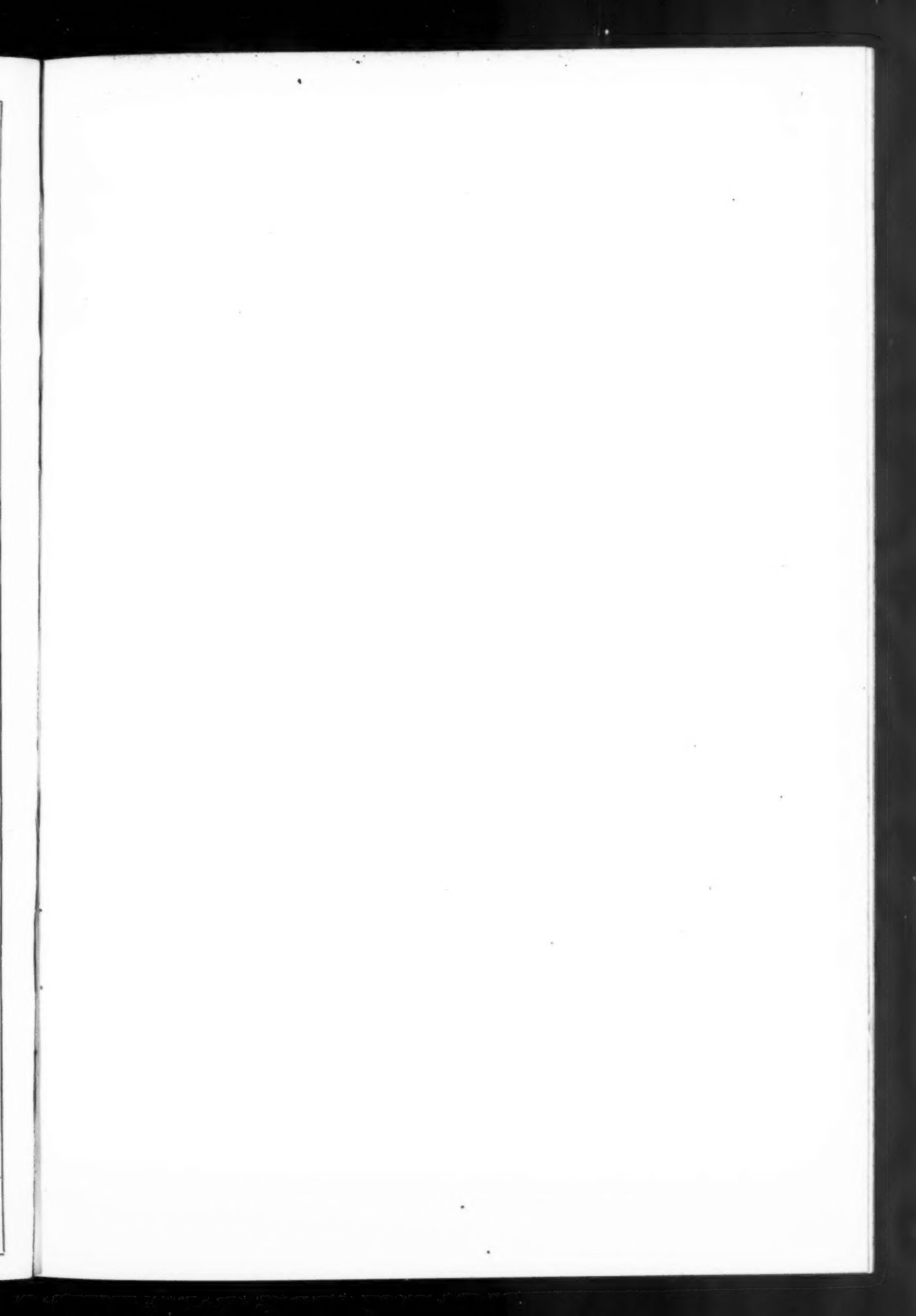
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THE BROKEN PITCHER.

FROM THE PICTURE BY
J. B. GREUZE

CYNTHIA.

BY CHARLES LEE, AUTHOR OF "PAUL CARAH," ETC.



MR. GIBBS'S GENTLEMAN FROM LONDON CHURCH-TOWN.

CHAPTER I.—SAMPY'S POINT OF VIEW.

THE events of this story are told as they were seen through the eyes of an onlooker.

They might have been told through his mouth; if they are not, it is because this would be to exalt him into undue prominence. He played a part in them, but it was a small

one. Robert Maurice was one of those who are content to stand by the roadside, observing and commenting on the queer unending procession of humanity as it passes, never relaxing their lively interest, but loth to step forward and endure the dust and heat, and the elbowing of the throng. Sometimes a beckoning sympathy may draw him from his isolation to step the

length of a street with friends; sometimes the overflowing crowd may sweep him off his feet and carry him along with it for a few paces; but at the first opportunity he will break away, and you will see him standing back in the shelter of a doorway, adjusting his hat and brushing the dust from his shoes.

To him is left the task of interpretation; and he does not pretend to infallibility. Which of us can trace the exact motives of our most trivial deeds with certainty? And when we essay to spy on the souls of others, the simplest among them is so complex, and its intricate workings so fitfully and doubtfully revealed by vague gestures and equivocal speech and enigmatic glances, that we may well despair of fitting the right meaning to the least ambiguous acts. A dozen obscure emotions may go to the making of a smile or a frown. And moreover, to adopt the language of chemistry, our souls, like our bodies, are unstable compounds, things of shifting elements, not to be labelled, as if they were inorganic salts and acids, with definite names of vices and virtues. The impulsive have their moments of extreme caution; unexpected currents will catch the stolid unawares, and sweep them away into a sea of extravagances; just people can behave on occasion with flagrant unfairness, and kindly people can be very cruel. And the investigator is of a piece with the objects of his scrutiny; he is no laboratory machine, no faithful and impersonal registrar of facts; every impression, as it is marked on his brain, is coloured and distorted by his own moods and desires and prejudices. The events that happened about Robert Maurice during his brief stay at Tregurda may be exactly recorded in their outward aspect, so far as they came within his cognizance; we must reserve judgment when he attempts to explain their hidden origins. Two qualities may be credited in his favour—a sense of humour, and a certain sympathetic insight. His eyes were keen; he may have played the spy with them a little too persistently; but it was for himself alone; he will reveal no secrets, save to the reader.

Robert Maurice stood on the platform with his luggage about him, feeling, as one is apt to feel in such circumstances, a faint adumbration of the emotions of the shipwrecked mariner. The train started with all the attendant pomp and circumstance which the Cornish railway porter—true to his racial instincts—never omits to provide. At Paddington, some seven hours before, it had begun to move unsignalled, without a jolt, almost before the passengers were aware. At this little wayside station an excited drama of shouts and whistlings and waving of flags and running to and fro seemed necessary before it could be persuaded to stir. As it disappeared round a curve, Maurice was ready to reproach it humorously, as he might a friend suddenly deserting him in an unknown place.

Then he was hailed from behind, and, turning about, saw shambling towards him an old man,

who might be described as patriotism personified; for his face was a uniform bright red, his beard and whiskers were white as snow, and his eyes and his guernsey and trousers were one brilliant blue.

"You'm Mr. Gibbs's gentleman from London church-town, bound for Tregurda," he declared, in tones that would brook no denial.

Maurice attempted none.

"I knowed as much," said the other, "soon's I set eyes upon 'ee. Mr. Gibbs, he say to me—'Five-thirty train, Sampy,'—and there go the five-thirty train—'and look out for a youngish chap, a pale chap and a thinnish,' he say—and that's you—you'm looking wisht, sure 'nough—'with a bag and a vicycle,' he say—and there they be, and a smart vicycle too, polished up to the nines, and cost many a bright pound, I shouldn' wonder. Ess, you'm the chap. 'That's the chap—that's av 'um,' said I, soon's I see you; Sampy's owld, but he's sharp. So now you come along o' me. Mr. Gibbs, he say to me—'When you've catched en,' he say, 'hoist en in your little trap, and drive en back along so quick as you can, and set en down at Mrs. Blewett's gate.' And that's what I'm going to do, if so be all's well, and I live another hour in this world av tears. Come you along o' me!"

"It's an hour's journey, then?" said Maurice, when he was seated beside this affable but imperious rustic.

"Well nigh all o' that," said Sampy. "Come up, owld mare. A matter o' six mile, and hills up and down all the way. Why hills, I say? Why not make it flat? Conseder the saving; rowl Cornwall out flat, and 'twould cover half England. And conseder the poor horses, I say. World wadn' made for horses, says you. No, and more's the pity, says I. Shuit a horse, and you shuit the man that drive it. But there—we'm blind mortals. You edn' one of these artists, young chap?"

Maurice acknowledged that he was not.

"I knowed as much. No room for painting-gear in that little dinky bag. Sampy's owld, but he've got observation. 'Edn' no artist,' said I, soon's I set eyes upon 'ee. Sampy ought to know; he've drove dozens av 'em along this road—and a queer lot they be, some av 'em. 'No, no artist,' says Sampy. 'What then?' he ask. Making so bowld, what may your ockypation be, young man?"

Maurice described his occupation as nothing in particular.

"And a very good ockypation too! Shuit Sampy, that would. Give him nothing in p'tickler to do, and a horse and trap to do it in, and Sampy's a happy man. And how come you to come our way?"

Maurice explained that he wanted a change, and that his friend Mr. Gibbs had suggested that he should come down to see him.

"Ah! Well, for doing nothing in p'tickler, if that's your trade, you couldn' have pitched on a better place. Artists! And they call it working! I've seed them at it. One dab, two

dabs, jump back a yard, head on showlder and eyes scriffed up. Jump for'ard agin, rub out what you've done. Off hat, set down, light your pipe, puff, puff, for ten minutes. Up agin, stick your thumb in the hole av the machine, dab, dab, twiggle, splash. Two minutes, and up you jump once more. How's that? Shake head, and out with your backy-pooch—'nother spell, b'lieve. Work? Says I to one av 'em one day: 'Tell'ee what 'tis, mister, I'd like to see you paint a house, paint en inside and out—but I shouldn' like to be the man that's waiting to move into that house.' That's what I said to'm, and he hadn't a word to say back to Sampy. C'lk, owld mare!"

They climbed a hill, and had a wide prospect of upland meadows and wooded valleys, all golden in the setting sun. They were entering the garden of Cornwall, the one corner of that ancient fire-fused land where Nature is uniformly civil—plump, smiling and well-clad; not, as elsewhere, a lean spectacle of grey bones and withered brown skin scantily wrapped about with green rags. One could have fancied oneself in Kent, were it not for the stone facings to the hedges and that indescribable, untraceable odour which belongs to the air of Cornwall and of nowhere else.

The old mare required undivided attention down the hill. At the bottom, after eloquently persuading her that she had at least twenty yards of level ground before her, and that a trot would be thankfully regarded as a polite concession to the restless spirit of man, Sampy turned his red face on Maurice again.

"And when they'm done, these pickshers edn' much account, to my mind—not much account, they edn'. I've got a picksher home—grocer sent en last Christmas—owld man setting by the fire smoking, owld woman knitting opposite. Very pretty 'tis—and that smooth and finished off! Many's the time I've counted the stitches on the owld girl's needle. Ess, that picksher 'll bear some looking into, b'lieve. (Come up, owld mare; this edn' no hill; 'tis nothing but a dinky tuberosity, if you'll believe me.) But these chaps yonder—well, when they say the picksher's done, you must take their word fur 'n, and stand two yards off and look at en through the corner av your eye. 'Teds' so bad then; but come close, and 'tedn' no picksher 'tall—'tis nothing but a mask av onreasonable paint. And that thick, you want to take a plane and smooth it down. (Aw well, my dear, have it your own way, 'tis a hill sure enough.) And as for finish! Look now. Mr. Gibbs, he painted a picksher last year—picksher av a gate 'twas, and a man standing by. Gate was all right—drawed off proper, that gate was—five bars all complete, as pretty a gate as ever I see. But the man! If you'll believe me, that man hadn' got no face!—no nose, no mouth, no eyes, no nothing—just a dollop av yaller paint. Now I ask you, young chap, how didn' Mr. Gibbs give that poor mortal a face?"

Disclaiming all competence to pronounce on

a question of art, Maurice suggested that perhaps Mr. Gibbs didn't want to distract the spectator's attention from the gate.

"Dishtrect my attention!" exclaimed Sampy. "That's just what it do! 'Tis clean dishttruction and ruin to my attention, so fur's the gate go. When Sampy see man without a face, Sampy want to know what's up with him. Lev the gate swing or hang, my mind's on the man. I wouldn' have that picksher in my house, not for a thousand pounds. Gashly, I call en.—Now, owld mare, this may be a hill, but 'tedn' no preshipiece.

"But they'm clever," he continued after a pause. "They'm clever. I will say that—barring their pickshers, they'm clever. I've heard them talking among themselves; they talk amazing quick, and laugh a deal—laugh at things us blind mortals 'ud never see no fun in. Ess, they'm clever. Queer to see them do their courting; they'm always courting, like. Sampy's watched 'em; a sharp owld rogue is Sampy. Sort av play-acting, 'tis. No kissing, nor no arms round waistes, nothing serious nor solid, nothing av the sort. To look at 'em you'd never think they were courting 'tall. Chap says something—nothing p'tickler, you know—weather, maybe, or what he had for dinner. Then he laugh. Then the maid, she laugh, and say what *she* had for dinner. Then they both laugh together, the two av 'em. That's the way av their courting, that's av ut, b'lieve. Don't come to nothing, nat'rally; five minutes, and they'm off courting elsewhere. Butterflies! that's what I say; butterflies!—Stiddy, owld mare! First you'm too careful, then you'm too bowld—way av the sect, b'lieve."

Another hill, and another. Then they turned aside into a narrow lane—a cheerful, irresponsible Cornish lane, bedecked with ferns and flowers, a merry young maid of a lane, who was in no hurry to reach her destination, but twisted and turned, and, as it were, looked roguishly over her shoulder at one, and deliberately elected to climb every approachable hill for the mere pleasure of a breathless run down the farther slope. Maurice noted the inevitable telegraph wires, their official dignity ill-consorting with the vagrant gaiety of their companion, who compelled them to dodge first to one side of her, then to the other, and again to take great strides across a field in order to catch her up. In the valley bottoms she must gleefully splash once at least, and often twice, through every little stream; and more than once she boldly invaded the privacy of a secluded farmyard, where a litter of straw lay ankle-deep and indignant squadrons of geese disputed the passage of the travellers. Maurice began to speculate on the unknown ways and habits of the isolated little world he was approaching. How did its not very congruous elements mix, if they mixed at all—the band of refined young artists and the rough, primitive fisher-folk?

"How do the artists get on with you—with the people of the place?" he asked his companion.

"Aw, pretty well," said Sampy, "pretty well on the whole, I should say, now we've got used to them, like. First go-off, we couldn't make 'em out at all, that's the truth. What brings them down here, we asked, taking pickshers av our town and our neighbours? Who knows who they be or where they come from, with their fine clothes and their gowld, turning our cellars into painting-shops, and giving our maids sixpence an hour for sitting on chairs dressed up to the nines and doing nothing? That's what we said, never having heard tell av no such things before; and some thought this and some thought that. But we kept a stark eye on them, and never found them out in no harm—a bit too much randy-voozing at night, maybe—pianner going, and singing songs, and all that; but they'm young yet—lev 'em enjoy themselves while they can, I say. And now we coincide with 'em pretty well. (Owld mare, are 'ee listening? There's a tray av corn not two mile from here, waiting for somebody, and I shan't say who. Ah, that's started 'ee!) Leastways, with the young fellerst The ladies—well, they'm ladies, and they don't, forget it. Kind?—aw, ess, uncommon kind. and most p'tickler uncommon condescending. 'My good man,' 'tis, and tetch your cap when you answer back. That's av 'em! And that edn' all. Look now! I've ben to fair, and seen the wild beastes in their cages, and the people outside staring at 'em and saying, 'Deary me, what cur'ous beastes! what pretty beastes! what oogle beastes!' And that put Sampy in mind o' Tregurda town. There's a parable for 'ee to consider—they grinning at we, and us grinning back at they, and bars av iron between. But there! we'm blind mortals—properly blind, sure 'nough."

The lane had sobered at last, and was steadily climbing a long gradual slope towards a ridge, black and dumb against the shrill evening sky. Behind the ridge, as one instinctively felt, lay the sea.

"These ladies now," continued Sampy, "they'm pretty enough to look upon. Ess, I will say that for them. There's one; I never see a prettier maid—handsome as a picksher. But proud—terr'ble proud. We'm dirt under her feet, b'lieve; ess—'tis snatch up your petticoats with she, soon's come within sight av us. And the young fellers—well, they'm sociable enough, yarning and joking. But they edn' we, and we edn' they, and that's the truth. Aw, well! Adam's a long way back, says Sampy, and, after all, he wadn' but a labouring man. Wouldn't do to put 'em in mind av him. 'Adam?' says they. 'Aw, a distant connection!'—that's av ut—'a distant connection! May be grandf'er to you 'uns, but to we he's only a thirty-second cousin fifty times removed; so don't 'ee go preshuming.' You take my maning, young chap? Owld Sampy's got philosophy.—Come up, owld mare!"

They topped the ridge and began to descend. The sea came into view almost at once, for

they were high over the intervening land; and over the sea hung a low gibbous moon, pale and dull as yet, but brightening every minute.

"Harvest moon," said Sampy. "That mean fine weather. When you consider the moon, now, she edn' much to look at, put her beside the owld sun. Gashly white, and kind av spotty, thin and peakish one day and all swelled up another, like she wadn' feeling very well. But she've got authority, frall that. Rule the tides, she do, and the weather, and the hearts av young folks—and they'm three things Sampy wouldn't care to have the managing of. Ess, she've got authority; Sampy's felt it himself. My womap, she caught me by moonlight. Shteer out av moonlight so much as you can, young chap; Sampy won't say no more."

The road was still gradually descending. They passed a row of white cottages.

"We'm nearly there," said Sampy. "See that house 'pon the right? That's where Mr. Forester live. Now he's deffrant. Maybe you know Mr. Forester, young man?"

"I have heard of him," said Maurice. "They think a lot of Mr. Forester up in London."

"Do they now? So do we down to Tregurda. A lot we think av 'm. He's what we call a gentleman, Mr. Forester is. Quiet—none av yourslap-the-man-on-the-back, chuck-the-maid-under-the-chin chaps, like Mr. Gibbs, but a quiet, unashuming young feller, that you feel drawed to to once. He's a gentleman, and yet he make us feel he's one av us, if you understand. So they think a lot av Mr. Forester up to London church-town? That's very well."

"Yes," said Maurice. "His pictures, you know—"

Sampy waved his whip. "Pickshers? 'Teden' the pickshers; 'tis the man! Don't say much, but lean up agin a boat alongside av 'm for a five minutes, and he's your friend. Not a crook in him—straight as a willow, gentle as a maid; don't say much, but say what he mean—that's Mr. Forester. He's a man you can be dependent on. Worth the lot av 'em, says Sampy. And here's Tregurda."

The road before them descended suddenly, and plunged into a herd of close-huddled houses ranged amphitheatrically about a little natural harbour. The moon was beginning to assert her dominion; the slate roofs shone, and a stress of wavering spangles played far out on the calm sea. Maurice's eyes drank their full. He knew that the first impression of an unfamiliar place is one to treasure in the memory. Revived, it brings its thrill with it, and only to the inner eye can it occur again. In a week the picture before him would be so scrawled over with events and associations that not a feature of it would look the same.

They descended among the houses, and began to meet and pass people. Sharp, curious glances were cast on Maurice; a group of maids with brown two-handed pitchers, waiting their turn about a well, whispered and tittered as he passed; an old man leaning on a gate in his shirt-sleeves shouted an affable greeting to him;

a matron standing with one foot on a neighbour's doorstep, knitting as she gossiped with those within, called a warning, and inquisitive faces clustered at the door.

"They've got their eye upon 'ee already," said Sampy. "Complexion, coshtoom, dinky bag, vicycle, length of your nose, and a brave guess at your age—'twill be all over the town in half an hour. That's we—that's av us, b'lieve. London church-town, now—a power av people there, so I'm towld. Set at your window, and I dare say you'll see a dozen strange faces in an hour. Wouldn't do for we. Put one av our women down in London, and she'd be wore out in a week, trying to find out all about everybody. No, wouldn't shuit we—too mixed-up, like. This here v'yage av life, now—'tis none too plain sailing, as 'tis down here, with all the rocks and currents marked and larned off from childhood, as you may say:—rogue here—red lamp, sheer off; chattering tongue there—bell-buoy, go slow; heart av a friend—shteer straight for en; heart av a maid—'ware shoal water and a tide race round it. But up yonder in the cities, 'tis sailing in foreign waters all the while—stranger here, stranger there, and who's your friend and who's your foe?—till you'm all of a mizmaze. No—wouldn't do for Sampy. Walk straight, talk straight, eat hearty, and don't mind what the women say—they'm Sampy's sailing directions, and they do very well for Tregurda; but up yonder they'd founder Sampy first cruise, I shouldn't wonder. We'm plain folk, young chap, and so you'll find us—arning our bread and eating av ut, courting the maids and marrying av 'em, going to chapel and coming home agin, and then going to churchyard and staying there—not much else, b'lieve. Now these artists—to my mind there's six meanings to half what they say and do, and no meaning 'tall to the other half. How they shteer I don't know; it seem to me like they'm drifting about all the while. But there—we'm blind mortals, as I said before. (Howld up, owld mare!) This here's Mrs. Blewett's."

As the trap stopped the door opened, and a large, much-aproned woman smiled vaguely on Maurice and bade him welcome. Bag and bicycle were carried within, and Sampy drove off. Mental quotations from his confused and variegated discourse were frequent with Maurice afterwards.

CHAPTER II.—JACK GIBBS'S POINT OF VIEW.

MRS. BLEWETT led the way through the kitchen into a diminutive parlour. A white cloth was laid on the table, but there was nothing on the cloth.

"Mr. Gibbs come in just now," said Mrs. Blewett, "and left his ticket over the chimley. There 'tis. I haven't touched it." A weak animosity smouldered in her tones. "I was frying a bit av steak for 'ee, thinking you'd be hungry, when in he come. 'Hullo!' he say, 'what's this? Steak? Gie me a fork.' And

I give him a fork. He go up to the frying-pan, and no leave asked in my own kitchen, and he stick the prong in the steak. 'H'mph,' he say. 'At your old tricks, Mrs. Blewett!' he say; those were his words in my own kitchen. 'Here's a dish for a traveller! Killed yesterday, eh?' 'Begging your pardon, Mr. Gibbs,' I say, 'killed this very day, if there's truth in butchers.' 'Eat it yourself, then,' he say, 'and gie me pen and ink.' And I give him pen and ink, and never spoke the thoughts that was in me. And he out with a ticket and write on the back. And there 'tis where he left it. I'd scorn to touch it."

Mrs. Blewett breathed hard, and looked daggers at the "ticket." When Maurice took it down it proved to be a visiting-card. *Mr. J. Cecil Mauleverer Gibbs* was the inscription on the front, with P.T.O. beneath it. On the back was written:

"Local steaks not recommended. Dine with me 7.30. Want to introduce you to the colony afterwards, so dress if you don't mind."

Maurice lifted his eyebrows over the last phrase. He had come to the end of the world in order to escape for a while from the tyranny of the collar and to live at ease in a flannel shirt, and now within a minute of his arrival he was bidden to don evening dress. The contingency was hardly expected; luckily it was not altogether unprovided for. Making a mental note to write to town for more linen, he took his bag and asked to be shown his bedroom. While dressing he recalled what he remembered of Jack Gibbs—Jack, in spite of the carefully reticent initial. Cecil and Mauleverer only led a precarious life on visiting-cards, and were non-existent in the minds of men, universally discarded as absurdly irrelevant to his personality. Jack Gibbs he was to everybody, and Jack Gibbs he would remain to the end of the chapter. Mrs. Blewett's plaint reminded one of two of his characteristics—his unique capacity for blundering on to other people's toes, and his entire devotion to the things of the table. Recollection added sandy hair, short stature, a figure more fat than youth beseeemed, a temperament alternating between dancing excitement and bored somnolence, and a trick of speech that inevitably snatched at the grotesque side of things and made it difficult for one to take him seriously, even in his serious moments. Starting out, Maurice promised himself a good dinner and some entertainment.

Announced at the door, he heard an immense and complex yawn, with "Show him in!" on the top of it. "Hullo, Maurice! Fled from the malignant steak?" greeted him, and "Dinner at once, Jenny!" was shouted after the retreating maid. "Sit down, old man," followed. Jack himself was elaborately curled up in a big padded armchair. "What's the news from London? Hope you've brought the latest thing in ties down with you. We're among savages here, but we try our best to preserve the forms of civilisation. Awfully

good of you to come down; a fresh face is something to be thankful for in this howling wilderness." Another yawn was suddenly checked. "Excuse me one moment." He jumped up and hurried to the door. Maurice heard his voice outside, and caught something about "pepper" and "anchovy sauce." Another voice, a querulous female voice, replied, and Jack Gibbs returned.

"Have to keep an eye on the kitchen," he explained. "I'm slowly educating my landlady up to the requirements of a refined palate, but she requires continual watching. It was hard work at first. As a matter of fact, for the whole of my first month down here I subsisted solely on boiled mackerel and mutton chops. Couldn't trust her with anything else. But she's improving. I had hopes of her ever since I caught her appropriating my olives and genteelly trifling with them between the cabbage soup and the squab-pie at her midday gorge. That gave me an idea. The cook's palate, you'll agree, ought theoretically to be just one degree more sensitive than the master's. I couldn't hope for that; but I argued that if she could acquire a taste for olives, she could acquire a taste for anything. So I sternly interdicted all local dishes in the kitchen, and made her cook double portions of everything, one for me and the other for herself. She lost flesh at first, and I had to wink at her taking surreptitious snacks of dried ling and fat pork in the pantry. But I slowly tightened my grip, sir; and now I think I may say she's fairly weaned. Caviare she took to from the first—said it reminded her of pressed pilchards gone very stale. Comes expensive, but it's all in a good cause. Pioneer of civilisation, you know—carrying the lamp of refined cookery into the dark places of the earth. Good pose, eh?"

They sat down to dinner.

"They're a boorish lot, these rustics," said the apostle of refinement, gobbling his soup. "No notion of treating their betters with proper respect. I don't believe the idea of social distinctions ever penetrated their skulls. It's difficult to know how to treat them. If you try to keep them at a distance they stick up their backs and snarl, and if you're affable they get most abominably familiar. There's that man Sampy who drove you from the station—impudent old rascal, with his 'Young chaps' and 'You're a funny little feller, Mr. Gibbs!' And did you ever see such crude primary colours as he sports? He's a positive eye-sore."

"I thought he was amusing," said Maurice.

"Oh, they're amusing enough," said Jack with a yawn. "And they're picturesque, and group well. But when your model obliges, quite unasked, with a revival hymn, or spends a morning urging you to shun the wine-cup, it's a bit too strong."

"And who are here?" asked Maurice presently.

"Let me see," said Jack. "There's Forester, of course, to shed the lustre of his name upon us. He doesn't shed much else; your man of genius

may be a very dull dog. But we all like Forester, and bask in the rays of his reputation. Then there are the Wilmingtons—Papa Wilmington and Mamma Wilmington. Papa dispenses patriarchal hospitality to the colony, and Mamma sees that we all behave like good boys and girls. We are going up there to-night. And there's Otto Trist—you know him—studying points of view, as usual. And Brent—wonderful man, Brent—most accomplished idler I know—puts us all to shame—hasn't done a stroke of work since he came down. And a young fellow called Vincent Those are all the men. Mrs. Wilmington I've mentioned. Then there's Ethel Ralston, who's amusing enough, and a Miss Dora Murdoch, who isn't. And lastly there's Cynthia."

An alteration in the little man's voice drew Maurice's attention.

"Cynthia?" he echoed.

"Cynthia Paget. We won't talk about her. You'll see her. She's to be seen, not talked about—not over one's dinner. Desecration—you know the feeling. But," he added, with a shyness that sat upon him queerly enough, "we'll drink her health, if you don't mind."

His full glass was set down empty. The wine drowned his resolve of reticence. He leaned confidentially across to Maurice.

"I proposed to her last week—or tried to, rather," he said. "For the fourth time, which puts me miles ahead of the others. Trist comes next, with a single attempt. Brent, lazy beggar, contents himself with hovering, and Vincent is now screwing up his courage for the plunge. Forester, of course, hasn't entered his name; he's impervious, wrapped up in his canvas, like a mummy—lucky fellow. I don't know, though; he misses something. 'A liberal education'—you know the feeling."

A genuine emotion shone through the grotesque trappings of his speech.

"We haven't a chance, you know," he continued; "not the ghost of a chance; we know it, and yet we can't help ourselves. She doesn't encourage us a bit; she's neither a flirt nor a coquette. She—I'm trying to help you to the feeling—she sits on a throne, and you come up kowtowing one by one; she listens for a bit, waves her hand, and you retire, feeling particularly small, and take your place in the rear to wait your next turn. No ill feeling, you know; she's as gracious as can be, before and after; and she doesn't try to stave you off; but somehow, just at the critical moment, she makes you feel she's a goddess and you're a wriggling worm."

Maurice pressed for a description. Jack Gibbs shook his head.

"You'll see her to-night," he said.

Maurice prompted him with a suggestion or two.

"Witty? I don't know; it isn't what she says. Handsome? She's very beautiful. I suppose it's that. I don't know, though. You can't put it into words. Wait till you see her; you'll find out soon enough."

The entry of the maid checked his confidences, and when she had gone he did not seem disposed to renew them. He eyed Maurice for a moment in a furtive, half-ashamed manner, and then attacked the *entrée* with desperate vigour. It seemed necessary to change the conversation.

"Doing any work?" asked Maurice.

"Work? I should think so, my boy!" exclaimed Jack with renewed briskness. "Working like niggers every minute of our spare time. We are rather unsettled, though, just now. Six months ago we were all painting evening pastorals; you know the feeling—dim cows under a dubious moon. Forester set the fashion, and we all followed—turned 'em out

worst of the models down here; there's nothing of the proper lay-figure feeling about them—they insist on being human. Wilmington is doing conflicting lights; girl standing in doorway, lamplight inside, and evening effect outside. The effect only comes on on fine evenings, and then it only lasts half an hour; Wilmington's too conscientious to touch his canvas at any other time, so he has an easy time of it. It's a grand thing to have a conscience. Brent's doing nothing in his own masterly way, and Forester is boxed up in his studio wrestling with a wild allegory. We don't know what it means, and he doesn't seem able to explain; but it's great. I'm thinking of trying allegory



"WE'LL DRINK HER HEALTH, IF YOU DON'T MIND."

wholesale. Then a curious thing happened. Between us we used up all the available titles. Title's everything if you want to sell; so we had to drop the cows. Pity, too; it's so easy to 'fudge' under cover of the twilight, and the public like cows. I thought of calling my last 'Of what does she Dream in the Moonlight?' Fetching title; but somehow it didn't seem to do. There's plenty of poetry about cows, really; but it doesn't seem possible to put it into words—too subtle and delicate. And now we are doing all sorts of things. Trist has got on the violet flesh dodge; last I heard was that the man who was sitting to him had revolted at being 'drawed off like a corp.' That's the

myself. I've got a fine subject—girl sitting on apex of Egyptian pyramid under the light of countless stars. You know the feeling—desert stillness, hoary antiquities, infinite space—everything that can instruct and elevate. And the girl's peering into a hand-mirror, and looking very much annoyed; you guess it's at the stars for not giving her enough light to see herself by. I shall call it 'The Eternal Feminine.' Good idea, hey?"

"And Miss Paget—does she paint?" asked Maurice presently. He was interested in her already.

The change came into Jack's voice again. "Cynthia paints flowers," he said. "Some-

times one isn't sure that she has a heart—she doesn't give you a glimpse of it. But a soul she has, and she puts it into her flowers. They live, sir! It's a profanation to call them vegetables. Oh, she's an artist! I put her next to Forester in her very different way. Forester, by the bye, admires her work; you can see that—he criticises it. Now, when I show him one of my pictures he looks at it in his solemn way and says nothing at all with silent emphasis, the dear old chap! Yes, Cynthia paints flowers. So does Mamma Wilmington, only she does them arranged in a pretty bouquet in a Japanese vase on a polished table, with a Liberty cretonne for background. Cynthia paints them growing—hates to have them cut. I've given up wearing buttonholes since. Well, Ethel Ralston is painting the Atlantic in a storm, the bold girl! Angels rush in where wise men fear to tread, you know. She has got the sloppy feeling to a nicety, though. Don't know what Miss Murdoch does—poker-work, or something. Au-ugh!" he yawned horribly. "Have some cheese? I won't insult your palate by offering you sweets. No cheese? Coffee and cigarettes, then, and we'll start in ten minutes."

In ten minutes he was snoring before the fire, while Maurice watched him, smiling a little, and reflecting. Comparing Sampy's point of view with Jack's, and making necessary allowance for the latter's habit of wild exaggeration, he arrived at a notion, shadowy enough, of the state of affairs in Tregurda. He saw, on the one hand, shrewd ignorance trying, not altogether unsuccessfully, to decipher the ways of an alien race; and on the other, a party of young gentlefolk at play—playing at work, playing at love, self-absorbed, with an occasional glance of amused incomprehension at the herd of watching rustics. Jack's confession of his failure to get on with the villagers was not surprising. To the Cornish fisherman, with his courteous independence and his sensitive pride, an assumption of superiority and a condescension to familiarity are things equally distasteful. Sampy's simile of the wild beast show occurred with force.

Forester seemed to stand apart from the rest, an unknown quantity. And Cynthia—was she Sampy's proud young lady? Her name did not please him; it suggested the cold, unattainable full moon. A name, he thought, should never have a recognisable meaning. Well, he was to see her to-night, and judge for himself. He was young enough to be curious of new acquaintances, young enough even to feel a thrill of adventurous shyness at the prospect of meeting them. His guide snored before him. He advanced a foot—one never stood on ceremony with Jack Gibbs.

"Wake up, Jack!"

Jack stretched himself and looked at his watch.

"I suppose we had better be moving," he said sleepily. "Let digestion-perish, justice must be done to social duties."

Their way was up the hill. The moon, high by now, was behind them, and two dwarfish shadows glided before—squat shadows, ridiculously grotesque. More than once Maurice glanced back at her, and tried to imagine an impish smile on her face; but she was as placidly unconscious as ever.

As they left the village behind they quitted the main road and climbed a little way up a still steeper lane, halting at a gate flanked by stone posts with stone spheres a-top.

"Here we are," said Jack. "Jolly little house—seventeenth century, terraced garden, sundial, roses and peacocks—you know the feeling."

They crossed a lawn between clumps of rhododendrons. The house, with the moon behind it, was featureless, save for a lighted door within a pillared porch. Within the door they removed hats and coats. Jack detained the maid for a moment while he adjusted his tie; and then a door was opened, and Maurice found himself undergoing well-bred scrutiny from the eyes of a company of young people in evening dress, standing and sitting in groups about a large, low-ceilinged, brightly-lighted room.

CHAPTER III.—THE COLONY ASSEMBLED.

A PRETTY young woman arranged the smile of the hostess on her face, and advanced to greet Maurice, murmuring that she was so glad to see him, and that he must let her introduce him to everybody. His hand was then grasped, with a kind of deferential cordiality, by his host, a tall young man with a black beard carefully trimmed and pointed; and he bowed to Miss Ralston, Miss Murdoch, Mr. Brent, Mr. Forester, and Mr. Vincent, and shook hands with Otto Trist. A few minutes of conventional talk and he was left to himself, and began to set his confused impressions in order. He looked about. Jack was in a corner with Miss Ralston, a dark, rosy girl with candid eyes and a malicious mouth; they were laughing, and Jack was nursing ankle on knee with a negligent grace. Vincent, a handsome boy—he was little more—sat apart, biting his finger-tips, and glancing nervously towards the door. Brent—hooked nose and heavy eyelids—was listening with a bored smile to Miss Murdoch, who was sallow and unremarkable. Wilmington and Trist were arguing on the hearthrug, and Mrs. Wilmington hovered about the room, joining first one group then another. Forester stood aloof, a grave smile on his lips, and his eyes far away. For a setting, a wilderness of pretty things—pictures, shelves of china, flowers in bowls and vases, and the like. It was a typical St. John's Wood drawing-room, transported bodily, people and all, to the remotest corner of England. It required some little effort of imagination to realise that outside lay, not Fitzjohn's Avenue and gas-lamps and cab-stands, but a primitive little white town, already half asleep after its

day of hardy toil—half asleep under a moon such as never shone on London city.

Maurice's eyes returned to Forester. So that was George Forester. They said the Academy doors were ajar to receive him. They told a story of obscure genius accidentally discovered behind the counter of a provincial shop, led forward by a helping hand, trained a little and praised a great deal, and remaining unspoiled alike by praise and by training. So that was Forester. Not a handsome face, certainly, but attractive by reason of a kind of reserved strength. The eyes did not seem to belong to it; they were the large, brown, liquid eyes of some animal—of a tame deer, say. "He dreams and he acts," said Maurice

body, but about Robert Maurice. It was delicately done; there was no direct questioning; the pump-handle did not creak, but it did its work rapidly and effectually. Soon the valves sucked and Mrs. Wilmington rose.

"Now you *must* excuse me," she said, and her tone implied a world of regret. "I must go and attend to my other guests. You know Mr. Trist, don't you? I'll send him across to you."

As she moved away the door opened. There was a sudden lull in the hum of talk, and eyes went up. It was the maid, come to remove coffee-cups. Eyes fell and the talk was resumed.

Otto Trist approached, a look of humorous



"I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL—LIKE AN ORANGE SUCKED DRY."

to himself. Nothing about him betrayed a humble origin: he wore correct evening dress, and wore it comfortably; he was neither awkward nor self-conscious; yet somehow he seemed out of place where he was.

Mrs. Wilmington was moving about the room, dropping a word here and there. The groups shifted; when they settled again everybody was talking to somebody else. Then Mrs. Wilmington came across to Maurice.

"Now, Mr. Maurice, we can talk," she said, wafting a compliment on a pretty sigh of relief. "Sit down, won't you? I want to hear all about London, and what everybody is doing."

In a minute Maurice was amused to find that he was being unostentatiously pumped for information, not about London and every-

astonishment on his face. The look was proper to him, and permanent—a guide to his mental attitude. The world was a laughable place full of absurd people—he did not exclude himself from the survey—doing the most amazingly illogical things with the most intense seriousness.

"I know how you feel," he said—"like an orange sucked dry. Mrs. Wilmington has been sounding you, hasn't she?"

"Something of the sort, it seems," said Maurice.

"Mrs. Wilmington conducts our social orchestra," said Trist; "and when a new performer applies for admission she tests him to see if he can be trusted to play in tune. You're passed; I have the word—you won't be offended?—'Agreeable Mediocrity.'"

Maurice laughed, acknowledging the justice of the description.

"I suspect you must find it rather ridiculous," continued Otto Trist, "coming down to this out-of-the-way place and finding this sort of thing going on." He waved his hand to indicate the evening dress. "I don't know whether you've noticed it, but women don't seem to be able to adapt themselves to their environment. They carry their accustomed social atmosphere about with them. One is reminded of those spiders one sees in aquariums, who dive under the water with a ball of air tucked between their hind legs. Now if we were all men here we should probably be in guernseys and sea-boots—just as absurd, I dare say, from a general point of view, but a good deal more comfortable."

"Mrs. Wilmington seems to play her part excellently," said Maurice.

"As hostess, you mean? Yes. You've noticed that already. It's noticeable. Mrs. Wilmington has reduced the management of a room full of people to a fine art; but she hasn't quite mastered the art of concealing her art. You are painfully conscious of being under her eye all the time. Her idea of a social gathering is a kind of perpetual game at General Post; or you might compare her to a policeman, and us to a disorderly assembly. By a kind of discreet shoving she gets us artistically sorted and arranged in little groups, then she sets us topics, and we begin talking. Just as we are getting interested we hear 'Move on there, if you please!'—and we have to rearrange ourselves and begin over again. Jack Gibbs puts it rather well. 'Mrs. Wilmington,' he says, 'goes about changing the conversation.' But she does it well, and it's amusing to watch. Of course, there's no need for it all; we are a small party and know one another intimately. But it's her *role*, and she plays it. I'm afraid we are a rather unruly lot. Jack, now: she won't accept Jack for the entertaining monkey he is; she treats him as a rational being, and the consequence is that he keeps her in a perpetual fever of annoyance, because he *will* fling his legs about, and yawn unaffectedly when he's dull, and talk at the top of his voice when he's interested. Hear him now, bellowing sweet nothings to Miss Ralston; and notice Mrs. Wilmington's fingers nervously drumming on her lap. And there's Forester; a genius, no doubt, she says in effect, and a gentleman, but socially quite impracticable. He has no small talk, and that is unpardonable. Curious point of view, isn't it?"

Otto Trist stopped and glanced round at the door behind him.

"I thought I heard someone come in," he said. "We are not all here yet, you know."

"I am looking forward to seeing Miss Paget," said Maurice.

"You dined with Jack, didn't you?" said Trist. "I see he has been talking. Then I suppose you know—" he hesitated. "Jack is apt to be indiscreet, especially over his dinner.

Well, it's generally necessary to discount Jack's utterances; but I don't think you need in this case, however strongly he put it. Cynthia—there's a glamour—but I shall make myself ridiculous if I talk. You'll see her directly. Points of view—I don't know whether you ever study people's points of view. There's Brent."

"The accomplished idler?" said Maurice.

"That's Jack. Yes, but not a lazy man. He recognises that Time is a tough old fellow, and it requires some exertion to kill him. So he's always doing something—which never gets done. But his point of view—it's simplicity itself. He divides the whole range of existence into what amuses him and what bores him; the first he carefully cherishes, the second he gently pushes aside. I suppose one would call him selfish, but it's an amiable sort of selfishness that never interferes with other people's comfort. And once he was detected in an exhibition of genuine emotion. It was over a tortoise. Somebody had been to the Zoo and seen an immense tortoise, and had learned from the keeper that it had probably crawled this earth for over two hundred years. 'H'm,' said Brent, with a world of sympathetic feeling in his voice, 'and a very dull time it must have had!'"

They laughed.

"And Harry Wilmington," Trist continued. "By the way, I hope I'm not boring you, playing the cicerone in this unmitigated fashion, but these points of view are very interesting. Wilmington takes himself with immense seriousness—he's justified, for he's a very clever painter—but it's such immense seriousness that he is forced to regard all us others as elegant triflers—and I dare say he's right, but he might consider our feelings and not always treat us as if we were one huge joke. You're conscious all the time that he's amiably playing down to your level; a sort of—how shall I put it?—a sort of fantastic urbanity. Behind everything he says to you, you hear, 'Gay butterfly, sport while you may; don't mind my seriousness, I beg. Nay, go to, I will hook on wings and flutter also!' But we've had our allowance, and here comes Mrs. Wilmington to part us."

Mrs. Wilmington swam up, her husband in tow.

"Now, Mr. Trist," she said, "you mustn't altogether monopolise our latest recruit, even if he *is* an old friend. There's poor Miss Murdoch in a corner all alone. Do go and talk to her, and cheer her up."

She swam away, deftly detaching her husband and leaving him behind. Trist followed her and murmured a question.

"Yes," she answered, "I expect her. She was particularly asked to come to-night. I expect her every minute."

Harry Wilmington turned to Robert Maurice.

"So, Mr. Maurice," he said, "I hear from my wife that you write—that you are an

author." He spoke with head thrown back and eyes half closed, and his tone seemed to imply—"Dear me! How curious and amusing! He says he writes! Let's humour him."

Maurice hastened to disclaim the professional title.

"A few verses," he said, "and a rejected essay or so."

"Ah! you must write a novel." (Implication—"Now don't take me seriously, I beg; this is only a huge joke on my part.") "Plenty of opportunities for character study down here. Our good friends in the village are most amusing. I dare say you might even pick up some hints in this room. And in a few minutes I hope to have the pleasure of introducing you to a very charming heroine. Decidedly you must write a novel. We shall be most interested in seeing how we appear to the eyes of a keen and impartial observer." The humorous emphasis on the adjectives implied—"You see the subtle joke; or probably you don't; but it's there, I assure you."

"I have made the acquaintance of one entertaining character already," said Maurice, and spoke of Sampy.

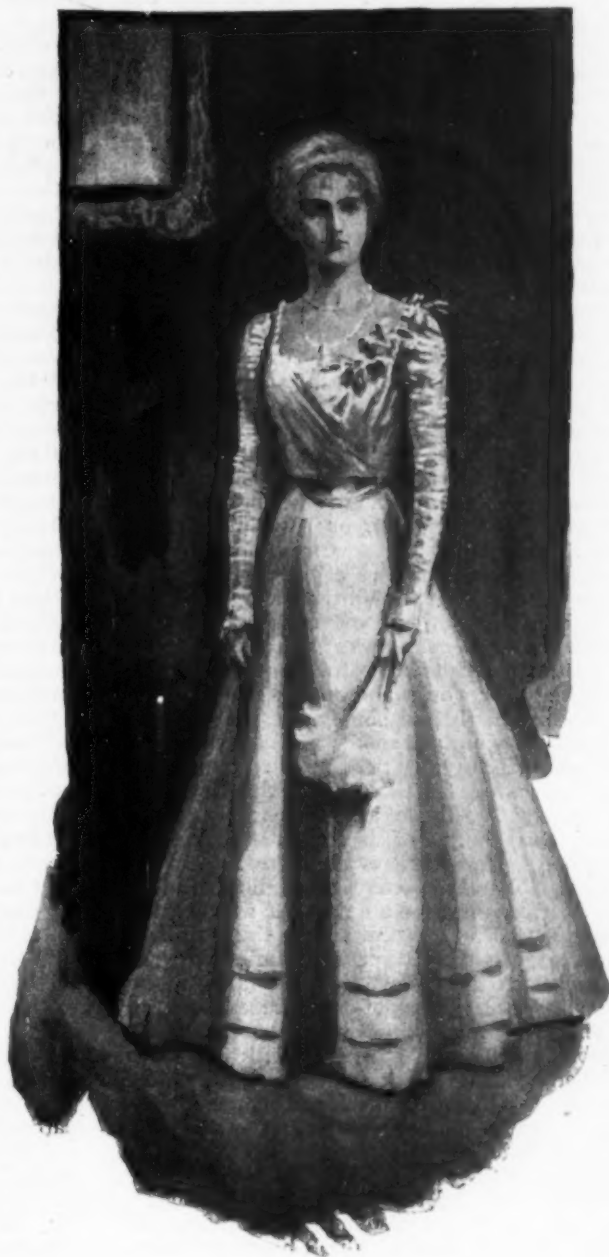
"Yes," said Wilmington, "Sampy provides us with a fund of amusement. His humour is all the quainter for being quite unconscious. The rough jokes of our friends down below are—well, rather distressing; but when they are serious they often say and do the funniest things. Unconscious humour—there's no kind of humour so delightful. As a student of such things you agree with me?"

Maurice agreed cordially, noted the genial patronage of "our friends below," and wondered if he couldn't find an example or two of the unconscious humorist without going down into the village.

They were standing by the door, with their backs to it. Suddenly Maurice noticed a stir. The talk ceased as it had ceased once before; eyes were towards them, but not on them. Vincent, who had been brooding in his corner all the time, dully resisting all Mrs. Wilmington's efforts to draw him into the game, half started from his seat, his face lighting up. Maurice turned about, and in a moment he was bowing to Miss Cynthia Paget.

His first feeling was a shock—not of disappointment exactly, but the shock one experiences when one's preconceived notions of a new acquaintance are totally upset. With the suggestion of her name in his mind he had imagined her dark as night—dark-eyed, dark-

haired, pale-cheeked, cold and stately. But Cynthia was very fair; her hair was the colour of honey—the fulvid, autumnal, heather-gathered honey; there was tender colour in



CYNTHIA.

her cheeks, and surely her eyes were grey—or were they hazel? Yet the name she bore might not be inappropriate; only this was not the high, unattainable moon, fulfilled of her destiny, cold and glassy, but the delicate slim crescent, hinting a future, preparing, yet hesitating, to alight on the horizon hills, with the pink and gold of sunset about her. She wore

white, and was slender in it. She was not tall, but seemed taller than she was. Proud? Perhaps, but it would be the shy pride that reserves itself, and does not call out in word or gesture. A little freakish, if her lips did not belie her, as the moon of the clouded heavens, that hides and flies and peeps. Certainly a very beautiful creature.

She sat down, and as soon as she did so she was the centre of the gathering. The rules of Mrs. Wilmington's game were openly defied; and the conversation became general, on indifferent topics. Admirable was the art with which Mrs. Wilmington, accepting the inevitable, guided her flock along the high-road of talk, coaxing forward the laggards, calling back the run-a-heads, giving the lead to each in turn, and letting none hold it for long. Otto Trist, who was apt to leap gates and spread himself discursively over the wide field of things in general, was gently headed off at each enticing gap, and driven back between the hedges; and when he and Harry Wilmington showed a disposition to encounter in polite argument, they were unobtrusively reminded that the duty of the herd was to move on without haste or rest, and not to stand still and butt at one another. Words were even squeezed out of the absent-minded Forester, and out of Vincent, who sat spell-bound, contemplating Cynthia in a kind of uneasy ecstasy.

Maurice paid tribute to Cynthia already, weighing her words and noting her gestures. She talked easily and simply; it was the talk for the occasion, and the occasion was not productive of the sayings that illuminate character. Yet the charm was there; Maurice, trying to be impersonal, made an effort to separate it from the charm of her presence and the charm of her low, even voice, on which laughter played here and there, like the light winds that play on a calm sea and scarcely ruffle its surface. She said nothing brilliant—nothing that could pass for wit, even in a beautiful woman; yet the men hung on her words; there were no cross-currents of talk where her speech flowed. Presently Jack Gibbs addressed her with a loud and rather exuberant compliment. She winced visibly, and made a gesture which sketched, as it were, the action of a lady drawing back her skirts from a puddle. "Daintily sensitive," thought the onlooker. But when next she spoke it was to Jack, and there was no resentment in her tone. "She disdains to be offended," was the comment of the observer, with a mental pat on the back to himself for his penetration.

The talk was steered round to Forester's picture. Their attitude towards Forester seemed to be one of respectful raillery. They admired him and did not understand him, and covered their incomprehension with light laughter, which he took good-humouredly enough. Mrs. Wilmington, with a feminine hankering after

the concrete, wanted to know exactly what the picture *meant*. Forester made a courteous effort to explain, but his speech stumbled grievously, and he failed to satisfy her. She pressed him again, and he shook his head, gravely smiling. Jack Gibbs raised laughter by what seemed to be an extravagantly absurd interpretation. Maurice, not having seen the picture, missed the humour of it. He remembered afterwards that Cynthia was silent at the time, joining neither in the talk nor in the laughter.

Otto Trist was allowed to generalise the subject. He lamented the limitations the painter labours under, compelled as he is to address the emotions through the channel of a single sense—the sight. "Now, in a landscape," he said, "if one could only scent the canvas with essence of gorse-blossom, say—"

"Or a lady's portrait with her favourite perfume," said Cynthia. Trist, like the other men, addressed himself to her when he spoke.

"Or a Tregurda street scene with triple extract of stale fish," said Jack Gibbs, raising a laugh.

Harry Wilmington could caper too. "Or a farmyard—now, how *could* you treat a farmyard without emptying the gallery, supposing the picture to be hung?"

Brent drew a picture of private view day, with the crowd circling round the walls, their noses to the canvases, ecstatically sniffing at some, and giving others a wide berth.

"Very amusing, Mr. Brent," said Mrs. Wilmington severely, and jogged the talk away from the too odorous subject. A smile remained on Cynthia's lips. She had a sense of humour, then.

The conversation lagged. Jack Gibbs, oblivious of his hostess's eye, yawned and stretched himself. His extended arms caught the curtains behind him; they parted, and a feebler light mingled with the blaze of candles.

"Oh, the lovely night!" exclaimed Ethel Ralston.

The curtains were drawn further back. French windows were behind, and the moon at her zenith shone through.

"The lovely night!" she repeated. "How jolly to—couldn't we all go out into the garden?"

The suggestion was acclaimed. Vincent jumped up and unfastened the window, and looked round appealingly at Cynthia.

"The dew!" cried Mrs. Wilmington, making a desperate effort to restrain her flock from straying beyond her control. "The dew! You will all catch terrible colds!"

But Cynthia had already passed through the open window, and the others were following. Maurice, going last, had a picture of a disconsolate hostess biting her lips in the middle of a deserted room.

She was very young, and took her reverses to heart.

PATERNOSTER ROW.

BY WALTER BESANT.

LET us take a walk, gentle reader, up and down that ancient street known indifferently as Paternoster Row, Paternoster Lane, or Paternostre't, any time since the thirteenth century, and, for all I know, long before.

Wherever there was a cathedral, a monastic house, a place of pilgrimage, or a shrine with an image, a holy rood, or relics of saints, there must needs arise, close beside it, a quarter or a street, occupied by the humble craftsmen who made and sold rosaries and beads for the use of those who were faithful according to their lights—that is to say, for the whole people. In what we call early days all the folk of the same trade occupied the same quarter; this was partly for the convenience of the craft, as for the general use of furnace, anvil, or tools, the purchase of raw materials, the regulation of production and that of price; partly, also, for the convenience of buyers, who, in this way, always knew where to go for what they wanted. In London, therefore, the Paternosters, as they were called, settled down in a convenient place close to the Cathedral, and on its north side; here they established their workshops and their stalls, at first without any attention to order and alignment, but gradually settling down into a narrow lane of shops, and here they remained until the Reformation destroyed their trade. I want you to visit this lane at a time before the scattering of the people who made the Paternosters.

It is five or six hundred years ago; we are in the fourteenth century—the century of the three Edwards. Look around you—we are standing at the east end of the row; behind is Chepe—we must not stop to look back, or there are many admirable things in Chepe. A narrow lane stretches out before us; on either side stand small houses built as to the lower part with stone walls, but having upper chambers of wood and roofs of wooden tiles. These are the houses of the Paternosters; the ground floor contains the shop where the craftsman with his 'prentices works and sells his wares, while his wife is engaged among the pots and pans behind. The houses, as I have stated, are not regularly in line; they stand at different angles, according to the fancy of the builders; the shop is protected from the weather by a narrow pent-house, while glass covers the upper part, and the lower half lies open to the wind, if not to the rain. There is a "pentice" in case of very bad weather. The sound of work rolls and echoes

from house to house, but not unpleasantly, along the narrow way; the tap of light hammers, the roar of a furnace, the grinding of a saw, the voices of those who speak when they must, not for pleasure or for discourse. The street is wholly without pavement; one walks upon the bare earth, covered only with the refuse, and offal, and sweepings of all the houses. There are ordinances, it is true, which forbid the throwing of things into the street; everyone is told to keep the front of his house clean, on penalty of half a mark; there are to be no pigsties in the street, and no pigs are to run about loose. You sniff? Humph! Unless our senses greatly deceive us, those wise regulations of the late Edward, first of the name, have been forgotten, or the Alderman of the Ward has not visited the Row of late. But we are not without street scavengers, for the kites are at work undisturbed while they turn over the heaps of rubbish and carry away the offal. I fear that you find the atmosphere oppressive; it is a common complaint with strangers. They complain of the smell and the closeness of the streets. There are, in fact, lanes such as Stinking Lane by the Shambles, or Thames Street by the river, where the air is charged much more heavily than this with decaying evidences that man lives not alone on bread, but also on fish, and flesh, and fowl. Perhaps, also, Paternoster Row hath a purer air than those other quarters where they make soap and tallow candles, or those where they tan and dress leather. I assure you that you might in those streets remember with regret even the air of Paternoster Row. Our trade, at least, doth not offend the nose. Come here on an evening in June, when the furnaces are out and the anvils are silent; come when a soft summer rain has carried the contents of the street swimming down Ave Maria Lane, and so by the slope of Ludgate Hill to the Fleet below, and you will be astonished to find the place as clean and sweet almost as any country lane.

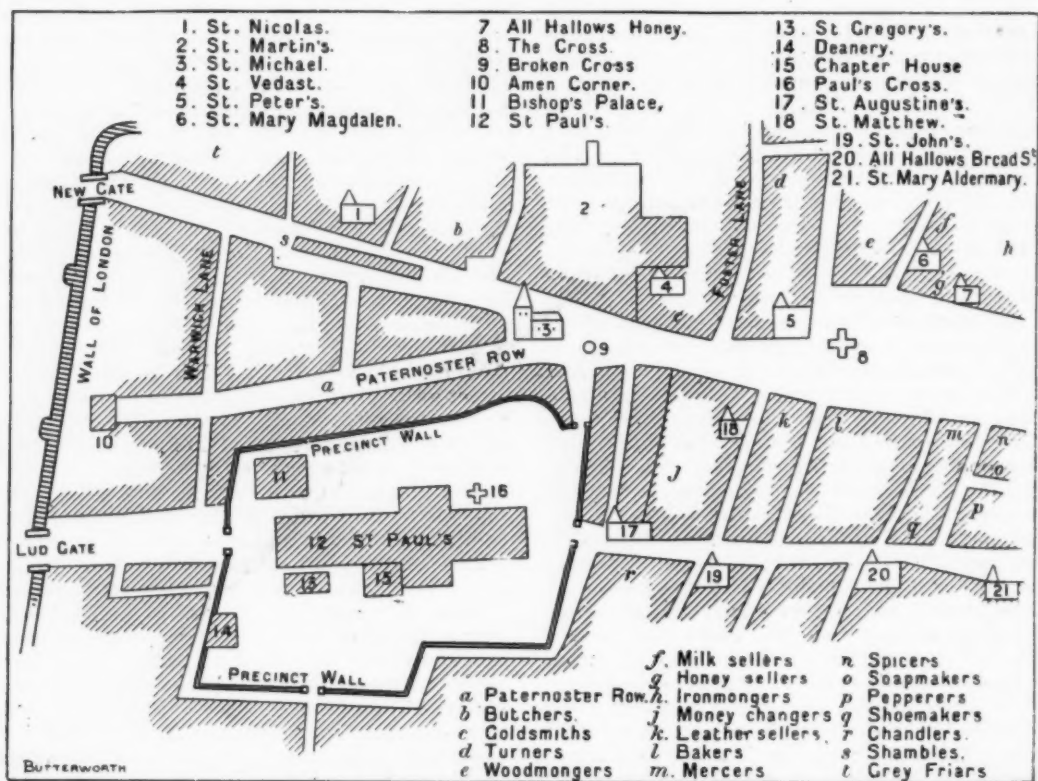
The houses, you think, are small. As yet the tall frame houses of the Tudors have not come in; we have not yet learned to make bricks; rather, the craft has been forgotten. Even the greater houses, unless they are castles, as Baynard's Castle, are low in elevation; besides, you are looking at a street of craftsmen; there are no nobles in the Row, though many have their houses close beside it. Within these small and mean houses you would be astonished to find an amount of comfort which you would hardly, perhaps, expect. These people are rich in feather beds, pillows, blankets, curtains, fur-

lined caps and gowns; the wife has her hood lined with lamb-skin, and even with gros vair, as if she was a gentlewoman, in spite of the sumptuary laws; the husband has his arms and armour, his haketon and his headpiece, his bow and arrows and his dagger, besides his fur gown for winter, and his cape and hood and doublet of warm burell.

They work all day long, but you must not think that they have no holidays; they keep their Saturday afternoons. In our time we have only restored the Saturday half-holiday which all the crafts enjoyed up to the Reformation; they also keep many holidays, including the great day of their Gild. Their wages would seem small to you, but then a penny goes farther than a shilling in your time, child of the nineteenth century. If you looked behind the shop you would find an array of cooking vessels which would surprise you: pots and pans, iron spits and ovens, couvre-feus, wooden cups and wooden trenchers; they mean for every day meals—substantial meals—dinners and suppers of the plenty and solidity for which the London craftsman has always been famous. On the shop bulk and hanging from the pentice are the wares for which the Row is famous: the "paternosters" in pairs; the rosaries, beads and crucifixes, even, but these are not shown: the charms and the amulets; the little silken bag, which, worn round the neck, will save a girl's sweetheart from the murderous flight of

the arrow; the ring which is sovereign against fever and plague; the bracelet which preserves the traveller among robbers; the caul which saves the sailor from shipwreck. But these things are sold secretly, because the Bishop lives but a short step from the Row, and it is well known how he treats those who have to do with magic and spells: the men he drags on hurdles to Smithfield, where he hangs them, the women, more miserable still, he carries in carts to the same place, where he burns them.

These craftsmen live in the very heart of the City; they sleep under the shadow of the great church; their work is for the Church; and the Church, not the workshop, is the very heart and life of the City. It is as yet a time of profound faith. Lollardry has not begun; no invidious comparisons have yet been drawn between the profession and the practice of Franciscan or of Benedictine; there is no question yet as to doctrine; the Church rules all, compels all, directs all, for these craftsmen and their families. In obedience to the Church they fast from meat a full quarter of the year; the dried fish, kept too long, gives them leprosy and other plaguy disorders; but they never rebel. Who would dare to rebel against a power which holds the keys of Heaven and, if it wills, can plunge a shrieking soul down to the depths of Hell? It is, on the whole, a beneficent rule, until the people have grown out of it.



If you look at the little map I have drawn for this paper you will observe that at the east end there stands a small circle opposite to the north entrance into the Precinct of St. Paul's, which was then walled round, with gates west, north, south, and east. The circle represents a cross, called Broken Cross, erected on this spot by the Duke of Gloucester in the reign of Henry III. The great Cross of Chepe stood farther east. Round these crosses were "stations" or stalls, hired chiefly by women, who sold here small articles. Towards the end of the fourteenth century this cross—I suppose, because it was broken—was taken down, and the "Stationers" removed their stalls into Paternoster Row. The narrow street then became like the lane of an old-fashioned fair, with stands and booths down the middle and its stalls along the side; or like a modern street market, say that of Whitecross Street in the evening, with a continuous babble of many voices, and the never-ending noise of chaffering and bargaining.

We can catch glimpses, here and there, of the actual residents of this street, the place where they made the rosaries. They should have been a quiet and God-fearing folk; but they were not. In 1381 one Godfrey de Belstred was assaulted by three "Paternosters" of this parish, whether for purposes of robbery or in a quarrel does not appear; he was picked up wounded, and carried off to die. In the same century we find persons owning houses in this street; one, William de Ravenstone, Almoner of St. Paul's, leaves by will a house in Paternoster Row. Did his functions permit him to live outside the Precinct which sheltered such a goodly company of ecclesiastics? About the same time William Russell—surely the earliest mention of that illustrious name—bequeaths his house in the Row; Garter King-at-arms has a house there; John de Pykenham, Paternoster, leaves various tenements to his wife, who claims as one of them a house in the Row. William le Marbler, a vintner, has a house there; the name shows that a man might by this time leave the trade of his father and take to another without changing his surname, just as the name of Chaucer, who never belonged to the "gentle craft," means shoemaker. There are other instances of "Paternosters," all of whom belong to the parish, if not to the Row, which formed the most important part of it.

The street, in fact, belonged to two parishes: one of these was the parish of St. Faith under Paul's, a church whose services were held in the four aisles immediately below the choir of Old St. Paul's. The crypt of the modern Cathedral is still called St. Faith's, but the parish church is now St. Augustine's, Watling Street. St. Faith's parish includes Paternoster Square, the Row, and Ivy Lane, with little fringes, or strips, on the north and south. The east end of the Row is in the parish of St. Michael le Quern, the church marked in the

map. This little parish, whose church is now St. Vedast's, Foster Lane, included no more than 250 feet of the Row, with that part of Chepe west of Foster Lane, and the buildings on the north-west of the Cathedral Precinct. If you stand now on the site of the church, you will find it difficult to understand how there could be room for a parish church and a graveyard on the little space between the Row and the west end of Cheapside. By measurement, however, you will ascertain that a line drawn from the shop at the end of the Row to the corner of Cheapside is 130 feet in length, while a line drawn perpendicular to the buildings is 110 feet. Now the mediæval builders were ingenious in cramming churches and halls into small areas. I have laid down the church as it might have been, and I put the present statue of Peel at the crossing of the transepts if it was a cruciform church. I do not think, however, that it was cruciform, but that it consisted of a nave and chancel only, with a small burial ground on the north, and a tower on the east side. The fire of 1666 left it roofless, broke its windows, melted its glass, calcined its marbles, and destroyed its woodwork. It also burned up the coffins with their contents in the vaults. The parish was poor and small; the "Paternosters" existed no longer; the parishioners decided not to rebuild the church; they amalgamated their parish with another; they widened the way that led from Newgate Street into Cheapside; and the bones of the dead, which were now so much grey powder, were trampled in the mud and dust of the street.

Perhaps the most characteristic feature of old London, as distinguished from some cities, was that the Princes and Nobles who had town houses in the centuries before the sixteenth made no separate quarter for themselves. It was a most fortunate accident, if it was an accident. Nothing could contribute more forcibly to the breakdown of castes or to the prevention of castes. London was a city of palaces, without a street of palaces; the Nobles built their houses among the craftsmen; they planted among a community of families, all working at the same trade, and belonging to the same Gild, and separated from the rest of the citizens, because all crafts were exclusive, a great house with courts, halls, stables, refectories, kitchens, cellars, and dormitories, capable of holding hundreds of followers. There is nothing to show, beyond an occasional brawl, that there was any jealousy or ill-feeling between my Lord's followers and the craftsmen around them. Thus, at the other end of the Row, Warwick Lane ran into it from Newgate Street. In Warwick Lane stood the inn of the great King Maker, who rode into London when he came there with 600 men at arms following in his livery. This was a very great house. If you want to know what Warwick's Inn was like, and how great it was, visit Trinity College, Cambridge, or Christ Church, Oxford.

Beyond Warwick Lane is a modern building which might be a monastery, or a college, or a

close, so quiet, retired, and venerable it is. At this place the Row formerly came to a sudden end with a house built against London Wall. On the south side, however, there was here another great house, built originally by the Earl of Richmond, brother of Edward II and grandson of Henry III. From him it passed to John Hastings, Earl of Pembroke; thence to the Nevilles, Earls of Abergavenny, from whom it went to the Stationers' Company. It fell in the great fire, and was rebuilt as it now stands.

Again, in Lovell's Court, now a narrow and dingy place, once stood the Inn of the Lovels. In a time when fidelity and loyalty were everywhere conspicuous by their absence, when the leaders changed their sides and the lesser men followed for private gain or imaginary wrong, when perjury was a practice regarded almost as honourable, the last of this House remained faithful to a king whose hands were as red with the blood of the innocent as those of his brother Edward. Viscount Lovel, Chamberlain of the Household to Richard III, fought for that king at Bosworth Field, where he had the good fortune to escape with his life. He found an asylum with Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy, the sister of Richard. He came over again, however, unfortunately for himself, joined the Earl of Lincoln, fought at the battle of Stoke, and once more escaped with his life. What became of him afterwards was never learned with certainty. According to Lord Bacon, he was drowned in trying to cross a river; but there is another story about him. According to this version, he made his way to a place of concealment in his own house of Minster Lovell (not the house in Lovell's Court), and there, either by neglect or by treachery, he was starved to death. In 1726 a subterranean chamber was discovered in the house, where they found the skeleton of a man sitting at a table with book, pen, and paper before him. This was supposed to be the skeleton of Lord Lovel.

We have seen that the "Stationers" migrated from the stalls of Broken Cross to Paternoster Row. With the Reformation came a great many changes to the City of London, apart from those changes of doctrine and teaching which the Ritualists of the present day so strenuously try to minimise. They are changes which have been generally disregarded as unworthy the attention of the historian, involving only the ruin of thousands of poor folks. Among other things the whole population of the Row went out of work. What became of their piles of rosaries and beads one knows not. The people who secretly remained in the old faith kept their own, no doubt, which they treasured; but new rosaries were no longer in demand. What the unfortunates took up for their livelihood under the changed conditions is one of the many insoluble questions which we put to ourselves and then pass over.

However, the next stage in the history of the Row shows it to have been occupied by mercers, silkmen, and lacemen. It was the

principal market for those merchants in the early fifteenth century; the street was so thronged by coaches that foot-passengers were unable to walk through. After the fire, according to Strype, the mercers migrated to Covent Garden, Henrietta Street, and King Street. According to Defoe, the Row was rebuilt after the fire for the convenience of these trades; "the spacious shops, back warehouses, skylights, and other conveniences made on purpose for their trade are still to be seen." He goes on to say that the other traders were then dependent on the more important shops: lacemen were in Ivy Lane, button shops at the Cheapside end, shops for crewel and fringe in Blowbladder Street. He says that this continued for twenty years after the fire, and that the mercers began then to migrate to Covent Garden, where, however, they did not remain many years. They then returned to the City and established themselves on Ludgate Hill.

In 1720 again, according to Strype, a great mixture of trades existed in the Row, including some mercers and silkmen, and many tire-women: "at the upper end some stationers and large warehouses for booksellers, well situated for learned and studious men's access thither, being more retired and private."

This is the first mention of the Row in connection with the sale of books. The book trade, like all others, had its favourite quarters. At first booksellers, stationers, and printers found a place in St. Paul's Churchyard, where many first editions of sundry poems and plays of Shakespeare were printed.

After the fire many of the booksellers, whose stocks had been consumed in that disaster, removed to Little Britain, where they flourished for nearly eighty years. At the end of that time they began to take up their quarters in Paternoster Row. A few, however, were left both in St. Paul's Churchyard and in Little Britain. One of the former, Newbery, published Oliver Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield"; another, Johnson, published Cowper's "Task" in 1784.

From the manufacture of paternosters to the publication and sale of books is a long step. The Row, however, gradually lost all its mercers, lacemen, and silkmen, and became the home of books, old and new. Other booksellers there were in other parts, but not many—Dodsley, for instance, in Pall Mall, Murray in Fleet Street, Newbery in St. Paul's—but the greater number had their shops, being booksellers as well as publishers, in the Row. No longer did the coaches rumble along the narrow street; posts placed across forbade the passage of coach or cart; it became the most quiet street in all London. Gradually another change fell upon the place: the booksellers' shops disappeared, and with them the throng of scholars who had been wont to meet and talk among the books. The Row became a wholesale place, whither the "trade" came to buy; printers, bookbinders, and papermakers

came for orders; and needy authors came, hat in hand, in the hope of picking up a guinea.

I have before me a book called "Travels in Town," written in the year 1839. The author, speaking of the output of books, boldly states that they had all to pass through Paternoster Row—certainly an exaggeration, but by far the greater number had to do so. He says that the output of books, which he places at an annual average of 150 in the seventeenth century, had in the eighteenth actually decreased to the annual average of 100, and had again in 1839 mounted to 1,500—a fourth part of the number issued every year at the present day. He says that in 1800 the number of new books averaged about 350; that in 1810 it was 300; in 1828 it was 842; rising rapidly, as we have seen, to 1,500. The busiest day in the month was Magazine Day, when the new magazines were sold to the trade. About 400,000 copies left the Row that morning. When we consider the nature of these magazines—the "Gentleman," "Tait's," the "New Monthly," the "Metropolitan," "Blackwood's," "Fraser's"—there can be no doubt that among the better class of readers the magazine occupied a much more important place then than it does at present. If we take the modern magazines, about a dozen in number, corresponding to these old favourites, I do not think that more than an eighth part of that number is now taken up by the trade on the day of issue. On the other hand, of the cheap literature which is now so plentiful and sometimes so good and wholesome, and, good or bad, so widely read that its circulation is now numbered, week by week, or month by month, by millions, there was in 1840 none at all, or very little.

The Row kept up its character as the headquarters of the book trade for many years. When the Edinburgh publishers came to London—Chambers and Blackwood—they took offices in the Row. Murray, it is true, was never tempted within the sacred lane; on the contrary, he exchanged Fleet Street for Albemarle Street. But other changes have set in. There now are as many publishers outside the Row as in it; we find publishers about Covent Garden and Charing Cross; booksellers there are, of course, everywhere. The "Directory" gives a list of over four hundred publishers, of whom not more than forty or fifty need be taken into account. Of the four hundred, however, the Row still numbers thirty; while of booksellers, stationers, and other persons connected with the book trade there are another thirty in the Row. So the old literary atmosphere hangs about the place, and, though most of the greater publishers are gone, there are enough left to keep up the traditions of the past. And north of the Row, in Paternoster Square and the courts and lanes, other publishers and booksellers are found who lend their name to make the Row and its vicinity still the headquarters of new books.

Let me add a note on the social side of the

Row. It once boasted two places of resort where men could meet and dine, or sit and talk. The first of them was Dolly's Chop House. This house was built in the time of Queen Anne for a certain cook named Dolly. It is said to have stood on the site of an ordinary kept by Tarleton the Elizabethan mime. If this is true, there was probably, according to the conservative habits of our people, a tavern kept up on the spot continuously. It was not the custom in the early years of the eighteenth century to create a new tavern, but to carry on an old one. However, Dolly's remained a place of great resort for more than a hundred years. It seems to have been famous for its beefsteaks. I wish they had suffered the place to stand.

The other, a more important place, was the Chapter Coffee House. This place was in the eighteenth century the resort of the booksellers; here they met for the sale among themselves of copyrights, and for the sharing of any new enterprise in new books. Here also met many of the wits and writers during the last half of that century—Goldsmith, Johnson, Lloyd, Churchill, and many others came here to sup and to talk. Chatterton found his way here, sitting in a corner and thinking himself already admitted among the acknowledged poets of the day. One wonders what they thought of the boy. In the early part of this century the coffee house was frequented by a knot of writers of some importance in their own day. I wonder how many of their names will be recognised by the readers of these pages. For example, there was Alexander Stevens, Dr. Buchan, the Rev. W. Murray, the Rev. Dr. Berdmore, Walker "the rhetorician"—you remember him, of course—Dr. Towers, Dr. Fordyce, Johnson, called in his day "king of the booksellers," Phillips, editor of the "Monthly Magazine," Alexander Chalmers, Macfarlane, and others whose names are well-nigh forgotten, who yet thought themselves no mean citizens, and formed a group which came here every night and talked. They all sat together; people came to hear them talk; it was a literary centre. They considered themselves great lights of literature, and perhaps already among the immortals. There are such circles at this day; they form groups and coteries; they lay down the law; they are severe, contemptuous, and supreme. Sad it is to think that to these circles, as well as to that of the Chapter Coffee House, Time will apply the sponge and efface their names and their sayings from the memory of the world. Yet while they live they have their imaginary importance, which is their solace and their reward. The poet who is destined to live mostly sits apart and is silent; the writers who have neither imagination nor fancy, who have no message, and are but workers by rule and thumb, mostly make the noise. Let us leave the Chapter and the Row, closing the door upon the contentious Walker, "the rhetorician," and the great Alexander Chalmers, and Johnson, the "king of booksellers."

LONGFELLOW'S ACADIANS AT BELLE ÎLE.

AFTER a chilly, uncertain summer the autumn came, bringing with it a warm and serene splendour. The Bay of Naples could have been no bluer then than the Bay of Quiberon, on the shore of which I had my temporary home. Just behind the village where I had, so to speak, cast anchor, was a fort, with its guns lying on the grass like huge crocodiles basking, their mouths turned towards the bay, and waiting for another English fleet that might feel tempted to repeat the experiment made in 1795, of landing a hostile force—composed in this case of French Royalists—on the narrow peninsula of Quiberon. About half a mile farther west stretched the "savage coast," where the granite rocks still presented a barrier to the Atlantic waves, which had gashed them as if the axe of some Thor had done the work; and the billows, as they poured into the deep rifts, made a noise like the distant firing of siege guns. When the sea was calm here—which only happened when the wind was from the land—it was good amusement to fish from some far-jutting point of rock a few feet above the water. This is an amusement, however, that needs caution; for scarcely a year passes but somebody is swept away like a feather from these rocks on the coast of Brittany.

Not being able to resist the charm of the Atlantic in this calm September weather, I took my rod one afternoon and went down over the sloping tables of granite, all a-glitter with mica, to my favourite fishing-place. I was soon joined by a boy of about twelve, who had a large round basket on his arm, already nearly full of fish, for he had been at work with his hand-line for some hours and to good purpose. Presently he made an awkward movement, and sent the basket rolling into the sea. Most of the fish were lost, but this he cared little about, for there were plenty more in the ocean; it was the loss of the basket that distressed him. The picture of an angry mother, and possibly a still angrier father, rose in his mind. He thought of strong words, and maybe of something worse, for children get more knocks in Brittany than elsewhere in France, which I must say the boys very often deserve. The sturdy little fellow watched his basket for a few seconds as it drifted out to sea with the ebb tide; then his face puckered with resolution, and, running a few yards off, he stripped himself of his clothes as if they were of one piece, and dived into the sea in spite of my efforts to stop him. I knew that he was risking his life, and I quite realised the unpleasantness of my own situation if evil should happen to him. He was swimming in a sea that boiled around

scattered rocks, and at any moment a strong wave, such as is frequent here in the calmest weather, might have dashed him against the granite.

But he overtook the basket about fifty yards from the shore, and swam safely back with it, rising and dipping like a gull on the waves, and keeping clear of the rocks with wonderful dexterity. When he had perched himself again by my side, and had thrown in his line, I asked him where his father was.

"Out there, against Belle Île."

"Fishing?"

"Of course. What else would you have him be doing there?" My small companion's manners were uncouth, but he was being brought up in a rough school that only taught courage and self-reliance. His business was fishing, and he knew that fish were not to be caught by politeness.

When the boy mentioned Belle Île he pointed to a line of cliffs that rose from the blue ocean some twelve miles from the rock where we were sitting. The intermediate sea was sprinkled with little craft busy with the sardines, which, after disappearing capriciously according to their wont, had returned with their unwelcome but inseparable companions, the porpoises. Many of these boats were rigged with the "Latin sail," which, in the opinion of some people, the Veneti—the ancestors of the Morbihan fishermen—had adopted after their decisive defeat by Caesar between Belle Île and the mainland. The hypothesis is ingenious, but we must set against it the fact that the Veneti as navigators were much more expert than the Romans. As the rays from the setting sun touched the sails of the smacks, the brown canvas became luminous and rosy, so that they stood above the blue waves like the lifted wings of some fabulously beautiful birds. As I looked at the island through its veil of purple mist, the desire that I had to know it better drew not a little from the knowledge that it became the final refuge and resting-place of many of those unfortunate French colonists who, under the name of Acadians, were expelled from Nova Scotia (Acadie) by the British Government in the last century, and whose story has been so charmingly and pathetically told by Longfellow in "Evangeline."

Not many hours later I was on board the small steamer that does the mail service between Quiberon and Le Palais—the ambitious name of the little town which is the chief place of Belle Île. On landing, I was rather surprised to find that Le Palais had a very distinct character of its own. I had expected to see a poor treeless fishing burg like Quiberon, with

a Breton population less enterprising and even more conservative in language, dress, and customs than the people on the mainland. I was under the influence of my experience of other islands off the coast of Brittany, but farther north. Here was a little town with a busy port, a long broad street, delightfully shaded with elms, protected from the western winds by a hill crowned with grand old fortifications by Vauban; and here were people who not only spoke French among themselves as their ordinary language, but who did so with remarkable purity, and with very little of that heavy Breton accent so foreign to the Latin dialects. Maybe the influence of the Acadians, who, being chiefly of Norman origin, never spoke a Celtic language, may account in some measure for the distinctive speech of these islanders.

It was in 1765 that the Acadian wanderers came to Belle Île; about two years after the confiscation of their lands and cattle, and their barbarous expulsion from Nova Scotia. By an ambiguous error the date of their dire misfortune is, in the Prefatory Note to "*Evangeline*," placed very much earlier in the century. It must not be supposed that all the dispossessed Acadians eventually settled in Belle Île. By far the greater number must have remained in America, but there were some who, after the exchange of prisoners between France and England, which ensued upon the treaty of peace in 1763, were sent to Morlaix and St. Malo in Brittany, where they remained nearly two years, receiving relief from the commanders of the garrisons. Among them was a priest who undertook the long, and then difficult, journey to Versailles in order to bring the trials and tribulations of his unfortunate people before the notice of Louis xv. The king was so moved by the story of these homeless colonists who had suffered so much for their attachment to the Mother Country that he not only made over to them a portion of the crown lands at Belle Île, but had seventy houses built upon the island for them, and gave to each family a cow, a horse, and three sheep, besides provisions and money. Thus a new Acadian colony was established, and, like the other, within sound of the Atlantic waves. The fact of seventy houses having been built points to the conclusion that the wanderers must, with the children, have numbered at least two or three hundred.

For many years the Acadians of Belle Île formed a little colony of their own, but gradually their blood became mixed with that of the old stock. Moreover, the young men who were born there, moved either by enterprise or the roving spirit, showed little disposition to remain and earn their living by husbandry or fishing. Those who among the islanders of to-day are known to be descended from the Acadians are few, and they are nearly all to be found in or around the village of Bangor—a name that will forcibly remind Welsh people of the racial bond that unites them to the Bretons. Here the visitor will find a man named Granger

—a name that could not be more Norman—who will tell him with pride that his grandfather was born in Acadie; but it would be vain to search among these rough peasants or hardy fisher-folk for a poetic and refined *Evangeline*. It would be unjust, however, to suggest that the Acadians have degenerated because they are disappointing to anyone who has been charmed by Longfellow's picture of what he supposed their ancestors were like. To feel the poetry of peasant life we must not look very closely at its realism. The idealism of pastorals and idylls is something very different from actual rusticity, and it must ever have been so.

Fortunately, the traveller finds his full reward at Belle Île for the long journey he may have made to reach it, quite apart from the literary interest which impressions of "*Evangeline*" may arouse in its present inhabitants. It well deserves its name, for it is undoubtedly the most beautiful island off the western coast of France. Others are grand by the very horror of their desolation, but this one unites stupendous sublimity of rock scenery with the winning charm of the leafy vale that smiles in the midst of the heather-purple and gorse-bespangled moor. High cliffs of gneiss and mica-schist protect it not only from the storm-driven waves, but prevent the formation of dunes like those which lend an aspect of leafless, monotonous sterility to the Morbihan sea-board.

From Le Palais I took the road to Sauzon, passing by the citadel which had witnessed such stirring events in the wars between England and France, for the English in different centuries hankered after Belle Île. We cannot, therefore, be surprised that much has been added to Vauban's works, and that the place is a great deal stronger than when Keppel and Hodgson seized it in 1761. The island remained in possession of the English two years, and was given up when Nova Scotia was ceded by the French. Louis xv had, therefore, a sentimental motive in sending his Acadians here. The road, which was bordered with furze and the ever-graceful tamarisk, ran over country too arable and highly cultivated to be picturesque; but after Sauzon the landscape became stern and wild, for I was now approaching one of the most impressively woful solitudes that witness the perpetual conflict of rock and ocean. I was nearing the Pointe des Poulains, and as the saw-like coast, scalloped and notched by the slowly conquering waves, drew closer on both sides, the interlying land became a waste upon which little but the dwarf furze and heather, the grass-like thrift, and the marine plants which are not "burnt" by the salt foam could live. But the glory of the early evening sun was over all, and it softened all. More and more did the narrowing land grow like the uttermost point of the solid world stretching out into infinite water. More and more did the sense of one's weakness grow in the presence of mighty and terrible Nature.

I have reached the end of the land now, but had the tide been up I could not have done so.

All about me are horrid precipices, yawning gulfs, fissures, and caverns where the broken waves roar or moan as though beneath the miserable turf were imprisoned beasts of unimaginable form. And the scattered rocks that rise above the waste of waters like the bones of men and camels above the sand of some battlefield in the African desert, what shapes have they to thrill and fascinate!

There is one rock here that is called the "Sphinx," and the name is not misplaced. It is the hard kernel of some vaster rock whose softer substance was long since washed away. To the lobster fisherman tossing in a boat at its foot it must seem nothing but an uncouth, shapeless mass, black and prodigious; but seen from the land at a certain angle the sphinx-like outline is clear and sharp.

From this Pointe des Poulains to a distance of some ten miles or more along the western coast, the scenery—I studied it the next morning—is so grand and so changing that it keeps the mind in constant tension. Some of the caverns that have been scooped out and tunneled in the cliffs by the waves can be entered without danger if the time be well chosen, and he who has the strength to do this will leave with a sensation of Nature that he is never likely to forget. No words can convey a just impression of the beauty or the awe-striking sublimity of these sea-tormented cliffs of Belle Île, with all their fantastic rocks and their mysterious caverns where the voice of the ocean is loud and terrific, or low and unutterably sad, but is never hushed. What wonder that such pictures should have haunted the mind of the elder Alexandre Dumas, and that his romantic imagination should have seized upon Belle Île as the ideal stage for the most dramatic scenes of

"Les Trois Mousquetaires"? It was in one of the caverns of Locmaria that Porthos met his tragic death.

When I returned along the cliffs, from which rose the fragrance of innumerable everlastings, to the little fishing port of Sauzon to pass the night, the last glow of evening was on the still water of the creek and the many boats that were moored, or were coming in to the rhythmic sound of the oars, for such sails as were kept up hung loose and listless in the breathless calm. The same bloom of light lay upon the rocks that rose high above the water. Most of the fishing-boats were painted some bright colour, such as green or blue, and the scene that broke upon my view as I turned an angle of the cliff was as luminous and rich in tone as if I had been magically set down on some shore of Southern Europe at the coming of twilight.

At the small inn where I found my evening meal the Acadians were again recalled to mind, but by nothing more poetic than a potato. They brought this inestimable vegetable from America, and they cultivated it at Belle Île some years before Parmentier induced his fellow-countrymen to grow it elsewhere in France.

What with rats scampering overhead and fleas scampering at a still less convenient distance, and then, long before daylight, the clattering of the sardine-girls' sabots as they hurried to their savoury work, the night was neither restful nor "filled with music" of the kind alluded to in a well-known lyric of the poet who sang of the Acadians, and who by doing so quite unsuspectingly associated himself with Belle Île. But the traveller who trusts himself in places that have not yet been made fashionable must be prepared to laugh at such trifles.

E. HARRISON BARKER.

Abou Ben Adhem.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,

Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.



ABOU BEN ADHEM.

BY FANCY LED.

BY LESLIE KEITH, AUTHOR OF "LISBETH" ETC.



THE MANAGER IS NOT THERE TO TALK OF THE WEATHER.

CHAPTER XII.

WAS Arthur Shore glad or sorry when Daisy's visit to town was postponed?

Perhaps he could not have answered that question very clearly himself. Yet when that letter came to put off the visit he took some complacent comfort out of the thought that he had had no hand in hindering her outset.

Chance—"the mistress of events"—had settled the affair.

"My aunt's illnesses are generally inopportune," he said, when Daisy brought him his mother's note and he had read it, looking over her shoulder. "I'm awfully sorry she should have made up her mind to have one just now."

Daisy twisted the paper nervously between her fingers.

"Did you want me to go away?" she asked, giving him a sidelong look from under her lashes.

"Of course not!" he said lightly, resisting the temptation to touch one of her rebellious curls, "unless you wished it yourself."

"Then are you glad I'm not going?"

"Is it a new game?" he said; "and when do I have my innings? Didn't you want to go? Are you glad you're not going? Are you sorry to be staying? Are you glad I'm glad you're not sorry?"

"Stop, stop!" She put her hands up to her ears, her eyes dancing. "You're not playing fair!"

"I'm playing after the Scotch method. It is very simple. When anybody asks you a question, answer by asking another. Hasn't Cousin John taught you that?"

She frowned.

"You seem to think I mind him!"

"Suppose we put a few of these conundrums to him and see what he'll say? I see him over yonder in the stack-yard."

"He'll say, what business is it of yours?"

"Well," said Arthur, laughing at her sharpness, "that would be in strict accordance with the laws of the game."

There were times when all the honour in him woke and ranged itself upon the side of the man out yonder in the stack-yard, whose dogged faithfulness was so ill requited. Would it have been different had he not come upon the scene? The question was little to his liking, but it had been forced upon him of late by an unfriendliness in the manager's eye and a coldness in his greeting.

The harvest was in full swing, and from early dawn till dusk the farm was the scene of busiest industry; fresh hands were engaged, and even the bird-boy, whose odd, shrill wail, now near, now far, had pierced the sunny haze for weeks past as he wandered by the seas of ripening wheat, scaring away winged thieves, was pressed into service, pumping water for the thirsty horses, and harnessing the fresh

relays needed to pull the freighted waggons home.

With one eye upon the downward dipping hand of the weather-glass and another upon the sky where masses of soft vapoury fleece were gathering at the horizon, the manager put the work of two days into one, and was minded only to get the grain safe housed before the storm burst.

In the stress and throng it was inevitable, perhaps, that the two idlers should drift together. With a whirl and clatter the gaudy scarlet reaping-machine went round and round the fields in an ever narrowing circle, cutting, trussing, binding, as if it were a sentient thing and knew its duty, and would not flinch from it.

"To look at that makes idleness seem pleasanter," he said. They were seated near each other upon a low wooden platform, where the grain, separated from the straw, would presently be stacked. But she had her back to the reaper, though her own horses pulled it, her own men worked it, and it was her wheat that fell before it in neatly ordered bundles.

So the day passed.

It was the night when the last load was carried home in triumph. The heavens had withheld their storms as yet, threatening only, but the air was oppressive and languorous, and it weighed upon spirits that were ready to rise high since the biggest task of the year was now well over. At dusk, when there should have been a pale spectre of the harvest moon sailing up to take the sun's vacated throne, the heavens were veiled in blue blackness, rent once and again with the throb and quiver of wildfire; the swallows flew so low that their wings seemed to brush the meadow grass—already, earlier in the day, Daisy had pointed out the poppy heads all a-droop—surer sign in her eyes than any fall of the barometer that rain was swiftly on its way.

He was thinking of dinner when she ran across the little grass plot in front of his window and imperiously summoned him.

"I've got to ride home on the last waggon, and you must come," she said.

They had been carrying all day from the ten-acre, a great upland sweep, bordered on one side by the canal and sheltered above by the woods through which you go to Wallford. A sea of yellow grain had been there a day or two before, the wind's self made visible as it rippled over it, and now there was nothing but stubble, harsh to the feet, and that one waggon, bedecked with branches upon whose piled-up wealth the young queen of it all was to make her triumphal progress.

They stood waiting for her, the labourers grimed with sweat and tanned almost past knowing, the children from the cottages far and near pressing close to stare. They gave a cheer for the little "missus"; moved perhaps in their dull minds by her prettiness and daintiness and youth. She made them a demure curtsy,

waving her hands and laughing her delight at their homage. And how pretty and how far removed from their narrowed lives she looked as she took the wreath of briony the children had made, and, tossing aside her hat, crowned with it her sunny curls!

John Hardy—a black man and toilworn as the meanest of his labourers—standing upon the waggon shafts, looked down upon her sombrely, as if he too felt the distance between them. Then he stooped to reach her a hand, which she took, lightly stepping up beside him, and the next moment swung by him to her high seat. She frowned a little, and said:

"How quick you are! If you had let me fall!"

Then her eye sought out Arthur Shore, looking on as one of her admirers.

"Come up beside me!" she said, beckoning.

"I will lead your horses," he said, with a low bow of thanks.

"That is my business," said Hardy, towering above him.

"I want you here, to ride home with me!" she cried again.

"One can do no less than obey a lady," he said, with a laugh which the manager answered with a scowl, and leaped up beside her.

So they went homeward together, the waggon creaking and bumping its uneven way; by the canal, a mere strip of lead under the gathering blackness, and across the shrivelled pasture where the sheep were already huddling under the walnut-trees.

Grannie stood at the side porch, her serene old face lifted.

"Who is't?" she cried, as the waggon rumbled near. "Is that you, my lassie?"

"Mr. Shore and me!" cried Daisy back to her, with shrill elation.

Two minutes later, when she had slipped down from her perch, ignoring John's help, she ran panting up to the old figure in the porch.

"There was no harm in it," she said gaily, "and oh, Grannie, you should have seen John's face!"

"You shouldna' conter him"—the old voice was tenderly anxious—"ye'll maybe gang ower far."

"And fare better," she answered, with light audacity. "The world is a very big place, Grannie, and there are other men in it, I suppose."

Arthur waited to watch the unloading. When the last tarpaulin had been secured and the labourers had trooped to the barn for the harvest supper, he found himself alone with the manager.

There was a moment's silence while the first ominous growl was heard in the west.

"A good job well done," said Arthur lightly.

"You've had the weather on your side for once."

"Stop a bit. I'm not here to talk of the weather, and neither are you."

"No?" questioned Arthur flippantly. "If

you've a mind to guide the conversation into a more profitable channel I'm at your service, but where would the poor Englishman be without his weather to set his tongue a-going?"

"I'm Scotch myself," said the manager quite superfluously, "and I'm not one for beating about the bush. What I've got to say I say straight out. And it's just this. You call yourself a gentleman, sir, but you're not acting as if you were one."

"Come, Hardy," said Arthur good-humouredly, "I can put up with a good deal from a tired man, and a hungry man who wants his supper, but that's a little bit strong, you know. If you want to pick a quarrel—"

"That's as ye like to take it," said Hardy doggedly, "but ye'll hear me out first."

"Oh, I quite concede your superior weight and muscle," said Arthur, with provoking levity, "but don't imagine you can threaten me. You are heartily welcome to your unflattering opinion of my character, and if it gives you any pleasure to pass it on to me, fire away! I'm all attention."

"Aye, sir, you care little for the likes of me that's scarcely better than the dirt under your feet! I don't even myself to you, Mr. Shore; but if I had your education and your up-bringing, I would think scorn to use them as you do."

Arthur made an angry movement, but the insensate Scotchman went on grimly:

"The truth's the truth, whether ye like the taste of it in your mouth or not. It's nothing to you to tramp on other people's feelings so long as you can have your bit of trifling and your laughing and daffing with a young lass that knows no better than to take every word you say for gospel. D'ye think I'm as blind as a moudiewort not to see the game you're after, turning the bit lass's head, the bairn that I've watched grow up from a wean till she's fair carried and uplifted with pride to think she's got a fine London gentleman for a sweetheart?"

"A sweetheart!" Arthur cried out, startled. Then he laughed. "I assure you, you're mistaken. Miss Daisy has no such honourable place for me in her thoughts. As her guest she has shown me many kindnesses, and I know of no law to prevent a man and a maid from talking and even laughing together, if their mood lies that way."

"And of none that forbids ye robbing another man of his own?"

"Whom have I robbed?"

"Me!" thundered Hardy, a clenched fist coming down upon the platform and shaking loose the ears of grain. "You've come between the lass and me."

"You?" said Arthur, with an easy scorn. "What do you know of love? Not the very alphabet of it! If you did, would you see her drifting from you and never put out so much as a finger to hold her back? Do you suppose a girl likes to be wooed by rough looks and careless words? Do you want her to run after you, and humbly beg to be made love to?"

"I say that you've come between her and me," said the Scotchman passionately. "She thought well enough of me till you came by with your talk, and your light ways, and your compliments."

"If you will have it so, take it, then, that I have been giving you an object-lesson. A little of my own light-mindedness would serve you very well."

"Take my chance when you're tired of her!" cried Hardy, his jealousy leaping up and overmastering him. "When she's maybe breaking her heart to find that ye've deceived her, saying one thing and meaning another, leading her on to fancy herself a fine lady that a common man has no right to look to for his wife—me that has toiled and hained and thought nothing too hard to win her. You're no better than a thief, I say, trying to sneak in and rob them that's befriended ye."

"Come," said Arthur, his temper rising, "we've had enough of this. If you think I've shown no regard for your feelings, you will perhaps believe me when you know I've another motive that would have restrained my own if there had been any danger of their getting beyond control. If you must know it, there is some one else—some one who has a supreme claim—"

"If it's another woman, I'm sorry for her," said the Scotchman bluntly.

"Your compassion is impertinent!" said Arthur in a fume.

"Well, folks is made different; it's maybe your way, but it's not mine to think one lass will do as well as another so long as she's got a bonnie face and a gleg tongue. But I'll own that I've been wronging ye, if you'll tell me to my face that Daisy knows."

"She certainly knows that I am bound by ties I have no wish to break," said Arthur, with haughtiness, annoyed that he was driven to confession, and yet not without a prick of conscience too, for had he taken any special pains to impress on her that his heart was already in pledge?

"If I was to speir at her myself—" Hardy took a step forward, as if to scrutinise Arthur better, doubt and suspicion still clouding his face.

"Tut!" cried Arthur, with a half-vexed laugh, "can you put your 'speiring' to no better account than that? Do you deserve the love of a woman if you can so little read its signs upon her face? If she had flouted at me, and given me disdainful looks, and turned her shoulder upon me, and yet contrived that she should never be far away from my side, if only to impress her coldness upon me—your jealousy might have had a reason. Has there never been a girl you set your fancy on before?"

"None," said honest John heavily.

"Then know that a woman is never so nearly won as when she seems most wilful and froward, and never so surely lost as when she finds her lover too little bold to plead for

himself. Would you have her wear her heart upon her sleeve for you to read or leave unread at your pleasure?"

Now where did young Shore learn all this concerning women, and how was he so sure at last that Daisy loved this big black man? It came to him as a kind of inspiration, a hundred little unconscious betrayals on her part flashing upon his memory with the force of a conviction. Fool, idiot that he had been not to know it long ago—to trouble and concern himself lest—in case—

The effect upon the Scotchman of these words of wisdom was curious. It almost seemed as if his big frame trembled. He had done a kind of violence to his nature in revealing his secret to this stranger, for reticence in matters of feeling is as salient a mark of his countrymen as the essential unexpressed depths of tenderness it veils. He would have kept it hidden if jealousy had not driven it forth.

Suddenly he pulled himself together. "Man!" he cried, with a great threat in his voice—"if ye're leein'!"

"Then I'll give you that chance of a 'fecht' you were thirsting for! Look here, Hardy, let us speak like sensible men. It's a hurt to her to quarrel over her. If I've been indiscreet—injudicious; if you think I've taken any unfair advantage of her friendliness to turn her thoughts away from you, I can only say you're mistaken, and I'm sorry for it. I'd rather have you for my friend than my enemy, but you'll remember you never told me of your hopes. No"—his native honesty prevailed—"I won't take refuge behind that, for I knew it all along; but if you'll give me leave to say it, I never knew a fellow who made a poorer use of his opportunities."

"That was maybe why ye took them from me!" said Hardy, with a kind of grim humour.

"Well, when a girl is pretty she likes to be told so, and she will sometimes suffer the information from a stranger if the right man fails to give it to her."

"That's to say"—argument rushed to the Scotchman's tongue, but Arthur interrupted lightly:

"What is it to say but that she amuses herself with the courtier till the king comes along?"

"Hoots!" said John, trying to look indifferent, and succeeding only in looking abashed.

"And if you think it will mend matters and set things right between you, I will go away."

"Havers!"

"I shouldn't wonder but that I am growing a little tired of being here."

The big fellow caught at the bait very simply. His hospitable instincts would not have allowed him to make the suggestion even to an enemy, but still—if the gentleman desired to go—

"If so be ye're wearying, I'll not deny I was thinking we could be doing by ourselves," he said slowly.

"Very well," said Arthur, piqued but unable to help smiling; "if that's the case I'll make

tracks. But you won't turn me adrift in the storm? There's no mistake but it'll be a big one when it bursts!"

"You'll come up to the supper in the barn, sir?" said John, speaking in his ordinary tones. "The men'll be wondering what's come over me."

"I think I'll turn in. I have letters to write."

He lay awake half the night listening to the cannonade. All heaven's artillery seemed to be directed against that one little house lying in its circle of green meadows. The glare that illuminated the sky from end to end revealed every object in his room: the great rafters like the ribs of a wrecked ship: the crooked angles of the whitewashed walls with the Christmas cards hung askew upon them: his own coat dangling from a peg on the door. Each flash as it zigzagged across the inky blackness made a little picture of the house he had shared for so many weeks, and was loth and yet glad to leave, for he did not hide from himself that he had caught at the manager's foolish displeasure as an excuse to end a comedy that had been played long enough.

With the first descent of the rain, like the patter of grape-shot as it fell on the tarpaulins sheltering the treasure in the stack-yard, he fell asleep. He dreamed of a running brook, and woke to find the road converted into a channel down which a muddy yellow torrent coursed, and the meadows lagoons out of which a mere island of green here and there peeped, while from the grey pall of the heavens the rain yet fell steadily.

"No man," said he to himself as he dressed, "would turn out a dog on such a day as this."

CHAPTER XIII.

ARTHUR, who had been bidden to spend the whole summer in country air, did not purpose to return to town. There was yet a part of August—dreariest of months in London—and the first half of September to be lived through before his sentence of exile was withdrawn, and he had thought of crossing the border into Bucks. But when he inquired if he could hire a trap and horse to carry him over that cross bit of country where the railway did not avail, the manager bluntly refused.

"The roads would be no better than a burn in spate," he said. "Bide where ye are till the weather mends."

Granny added words of persuasion and remonstrance.

Daisy said nothing, and looked nothing either, except what her downcast eyes and demure mouth expressed. No doubt the minx knew that John, who was taking his "eleven o'clock" in haste at the table by the window, was furtively watching her, and on that account maybe the imp of mischief prompted her now to remark carelessly:

"It's only weather for ducks to daible in."

"And for men who must do your work," said John dourly.

"I pay my labourers, I think?" she said, with a little sidelong glance at him.

The manager flushed darkly, and Arthur interposed hastily:

"I'm not afraid of a ducking, Miss Daisy. If your cousin has a spare waterproof and will let me bear him company."

"No' a fit do ye steer!" said Granny resolutely. "Sirs me! Sic a day to gang on the stravaig! Do ye want to catch your death, laddie, and to loss me my character wi' yer leddy mother?"

The chimney in the oak parlour was "cold," in the parlance of housewives, and the fire reluctant to burn. It sent puffs of acrid smoke into the eyes of the little person kneeling in front of the grate, and caused them to smart, and she must needs turn her head aside helplessly. What else could a gallant gentleman do but rush for the day before yesterday's *Times* (news filters but slowly towards these parts), and, unfurling it, spread it in front of the bars?

"The other day it was me who was going," says Daisy, careless of grammar, looking as if she were trying to spell an advertisement upside down. "See—there's a spark—"

"It's out! Yes, the other day it was you."

"And now it is you."

"And now it is me."

"Sometimes—" she gave her corner of the paper a flick that let the smoke out and set them both coughing. "Sometimes"—she struggled for breath—"it rains straight on for weeks and weeks at a time."

"So bad as that? It's a perspective without a vanishing-point."

She assumed a little air of distance as she always did when he puzzled her, and he hastened to ask:

"And what in such case do the people do who want to travel?"

"They just—don't!"

They both laughed. "What's a spate?" he asked presently.

"A river without a bridge."

"That means swimming?" he said.

She nodded demurely.

"Well," he said, "it's a long way, and I'm not very expert. I'm afraid I'll have to agree to your cousin's suggestion, and wait till the floods abate."

"Afraid?" she said, with a touch of pride. "Is it so tiresome here that you're in a hurry to get away?"

"There's only one reason that makes me anxious to get away."

They were both staring at the paper, but were too absorbed with their emotions to be heedful. Unwatched, it burst into sudden flame, and with a simultaneous movement they snatched it from the bars where it clung.

"Oh, quick!" she cried. "No, take the shovel! Oh, your hand—you must have hurt it!"

"It's nothing—a mere scorch."

"I'll get some oil, or it will be sure to blister."

She ran away, leaving him kneeling on the rug: the blackened tinder filled the hearth, and the fire, deprived of encouragement, sank into a mere harmless flicker.

She came back quickly with a soft rag and a little bottle of oil.

"Hold out your palm till I bind it," she said peremptorily. It was pretty to see her earnestness, her bow of a mouth pursed up; the complete control she assumed over this helpless male creature.

"Why, I sha'n't be able to write," he said, smiling at the farce.

A little quiver of delighted satisfaction came over her face at the spectacle of his subjection.

"You mustn't disturb the bandage on *any* account."

"It's a pity it's the right hand, isn't it?" he said solemnly. "It might just as well have been the other."

"It's always the place where you don't want it when you're hurt," she said with serious philosophy.

"I never supposed the *Times* was so inflammable. If it had been a Radical organ now!"

"It ought to have been brown paper," she said practically. "That only smoulders."

"And then my precious hand might have been saved!"

"Why are you so anxious to write?" she asked, with a hint of petulance.

"There's the spate to explain about."

"Oh, to be sure!" she cried, with a toss of her curls. "It never rains in London."

"We certainly don't go in for waterspouts or turn the streets into river-beds. Civilisation has some advantages in wet weather. The London gondola makes you independent of the elements."

"I don't know what you mean," she said, hovering over him with the final bandage before she realised him, "and I don't care, but"—her colour came and went—"you might just as well speak the truth."

"The truth?" he said slowly.

"About your going away. You weren't going last week."

"I am not going back to London, Daisy."

He looked at her in a troubled sort of way. She was very pretty with that flush of vexation on her cheek, and a certain helpless quivering of her rosebud mouth—and—were those indeed tears that dimmed her blue eyes? In that moment all the forces of his nature rushed out in an ardent desire to comfort and soothe her; he suffered a dread that she would break down into tears and sobs, and make it impossible for him to resist the impulse.

He never quite knew whence came the strength that enabled him to resist it, and his voice had a queer strained sound to his own ears, as if it belonged to somebody else, when he heard himself saying almost with flippancy: "As for reasons, who knows all his reasons, or stops

to reckon them? I've played long enough, and must be getting back to work."

"Work?" she said, swallowing a sob. "I thought you liked—to play——"

"Who would not, with such a playmate? But we have both other claims, other duties," he stammered, feeling how uneasily the part of mentor sat on him.

"But—I'm the mistress here," she said, with a childish insistence on her dignity. "I can do what I like."

"Yes," he said, realising how plain and simple his words must needs be if they were to find their mark, "and that puts it in your power to give so much—to be so much. Sometimes, Daisy, I have thought that you and I while we were laughing and making fun together have forgotten that we might be making it hard for others, who have no time in their busy lives for anything but work"—he stopped short, looking before him, thinking, now that the dangerous moment of feeling was over, how transient after all was the bond that held them, what a wide chasm of habit, taste, tradition, divided him from this little butterfly thing, with whom he had nothing in common but those hours of sunny idleness—and it was with something of quickened shame that he went on abruptly:

"If I go away, you will be able to give the time you have so good-naturedly spent on me to some one who is far more deserving of your goodness."

It was not to be supposed that he could administer this sobering dose of advice without rousing some resentment on her part. Her girlish vanity was piqued. Whether or no he had attracted her wandering unstable fancy for a moment, she would have liked to feel that it cost him some effort, some pain, to leave her, and here he was, talking about John—as if—as if she required to be told how to behave to him!

The pride which was her most helpful quality came to her rescue. She strangled the sob in her throat.

"I shall do what I like," she said, making her favourite asseveration, "and I don't see why it need bother you."

"Except that it would make me very happy to think that I"—he stammered, unable to find the right words—"that I—that you——"

"Well?" she said, a little dimple beginning to show at the corner of her mouth. "That I—that you——?"

"That we hadn't thoughtlessly been making the daily grind a little bit more of a burden for another. That would spoil the happy time I've had here in the looking back."

"I don't see why," she said airily. "I think you're talking nonsense."

"No," he said, "it's sober earnest, the last thing I'll ask of you, and you've done a lot of kind sisterly things for me."

She pouted, plaiting the corner of her apron.

"And if you'll do this one more—if I might go away taking your promise with me that you'll transfer all the smiles and the kind words and the good deeds——"

But perhaps in his blundering way he was presuming too far. Her little heart was overfull with the humiliation that now when he was going away he should think only of lecturing her about her behaviour to her cousin.

She gave a laugh that was little mirthful.

"It's silly to make promises," she said. "If you do you want to break them next minute. See—you've been so glum, you've frightened the fire out! I'll send the girl with some sticks."

She saved the situation with her woman's quickness, but she went from him with a leaven of bitterness in her thoughts, not knowing how near he had been to melting into hazardous tenderness.

He did not again see her alone before he went away. There was a week of hopelessly wet weather, when he doggedly set himself to the books he had left unopened till now, making his studies an excuse for secluding himself from the family life. He heard her once or twice singing about the house in a voice ostentatiously gay, but in such glimpses as he had of her she looked pale. A creature so endowed as she with love of the open, the freshness of wind and heat of sun, must needs feel confinement irksome.

Then there came a night when the grey pall lifted and a star or two glimmered through, and in the morning the clouds were scudding before the whip of the wind.

Arthur flung up his window and leaned out. Towards the horizon the fleecy vapours were massed in Alpine heights and snows, but above him were great patches of blue that reflected themselves in the pools and puddles; the fowls shaking their draggled plumage were hopefully foraging among the wet grass, and yonder at the yard gate was the red and white cow, whom he had christened the Sirloin, in melancholy converse with her imprisoned calf. How familiar it all was, and how much a part of his life it had become! He had seen the old homestead first in the early fervours of spring, when every tree and bush and blade added its own touch of colour to the picture; now the woods above were one uniform blue-green, and the grain he had watched as it grew to gold had gone to add its fragrance to the great barn, where centuries of summers had left a lingering breath.

It was with something of a sobered vision of the strange chances of life, its contacts, its partings, that he said his good-byes.

Daisy bore herself with a gay and bright indifference he was scarcely conceited enough to suppose was assumed. Only when he said, "You are still under promise to visit my mother, you know. She won't be satisfied to let you off. She hopes to be back in her own house in a week or two," she gave him one of her old sidelong glances.

"I don't think I'm caring so much about going to London," she said, as if the matter concerned her very remotely.

"Still, I hope you won't disappoint my mother. And if there is ever anything either she or I can do, you'll let us know?"

"Aye, that we will," the old Grannie answered heartily for both, "and thank ye kindly. It's sorely we'll be missing you," she said. She was greatly concerned for his comfort, exhorting him to "hap" the plaid about his knees; hospitably busy in making provision against his hunger, calling out to him as he went that he must come back and see her quickly, for she was getting old and failed, and would soon be away.

He answered Daisy's relenting signal, as the strong farm pony fronted the wet road, but it was the erect figure of the old woman he saw to the last; thinking how willingly any man might return to so true a welcome. The little grey shawl and the kind staunch heart beating under it, how often must the exiles of her own house—those stalwart sons who wandered far and yet went the longest journey of all before her—have yearned to be taken to their warm embrace!

By the little wood where the road dips to Wallford the manager was to meet him and drive him to his destination.

CHAPTER XIV.

"**R**EALLY, Margaret, you are not—sympatica—"

Mrs. Shore looked up from her knitting as the plaintive voice ended in a languid drawl.

"That sounds a rather serious accusation," she said, with her placid smile. "Is it to soften it or spare my feelings that you veil it in Italian?"

"Oh, there are no shades—no nuances in English. If you want your word to suit your mood, you must travel in search of it."

Mrs. Shore replaced the shawl for perhaps the sixth time that morning, and turned the cushions on the couch.

"You must not think I don't sympathise, Bessie," she said, "because I don't say much. I think I was born to be a good listener."

"Oh, I know you quiet people pride yourselves on that, but I don't think it's so very much of a quality to boast of. Anyone, as I tell Thomas, can sit still and stare; and how are you to know where their thoughts are? Now I am quite sure, if you were cross-examined, you couldn't tell in the least what I have been saying for the last five minutes."

Mrs. Shore blushed a distressed pink that gave her soft face a fleeting youth.

"I'm afraid—it was very thoughtless, but I was wondering about Arthur. He says his cold is troublesome, and since he left the farm I have no confidence that he is being cared for."

"There!" cried Mrs. Simpson, with an edge of triumph. "I *knew* it. It is no use trying to deceive me. I can tell in an instant when Thomas is inattentive, and your face betrays you too, Margaret."

"I am sure," said Margaret, "you will

never get well shut in here in this stifling weather. If you won't go to the seaside, come home to me for a few weeks. The air is at least a little bit fresher, and you would have a change of surroundings."

"As if I didn't know your spare room off by heart already!" said Bessie, with a little laugh. "Do you suppose, you simple woman, it would cheer me up to lie in that ghostly four-poster with the giraffe damask curtains hung all round it, and look upon that too, too solid, depressing, archaic suite of mahogany! I know what you're thinking of," she continued sharply. "You want to beguile me to visit you—as if I had strength to go anywhere—just that you may get home!"

"Only when you can spare me, Bessie," said Margaret meekly.

"Oh, spare you! I wonder what you'd do if I did let you go!"

"Cultivate solitude and my cat!" said Margaret, with her contented laugh; "that is the fate of a Londoner in August."

"Then you prefer solitude to my company! But I know you. You would be sending for Arthur."

"No," said Arthur's mother firmly; "not a day before the middle of September. Besides, he goes North next week to join the Admiral's party. But, by the bye, if you won't really return with me, Bessie, there is that little girl at the farm whom I asked to come and spend a week or two with me. It would be a good chance to have her now."

"When Arthur is away!"

Mrs. Shore coloured faintly, but she had no readiness of retort. If in her heart she had thought it wise to invite Daisy before Arthur should have returned to town, she did not care to admit so much even to her sister.

"So that is the way the wind blows?" Bessie questioned with a laugh; "and what does Miss Musgrove say to it all?"

"I have never heard that Delia has any complaint to make," said Margaret, with some pride. "You have run away with a mistaken idea. Daisy Lauder is little more than a child—a little country girl who has seen nothing. She could be quite happy with me alone, I think, and the shops and sights. It was to give her a little pleasure I asked her, and also because I cannot forget how good her grandmother was to my son."

"Oh, you and your son!" cried Bessie, with a petulant laugh and an angry turn upon her silk pillows. "You would canonise anybody who showed him the most ordinary civility. Wasn't the old woman *paid*—and well, too—to see to his comfort?"

Margaret sighed as she put aside her knitting and gave herself up to the old burden. The consolation of Bessie's hurt vanity, the soothing of her unstrung nerves, occupied a full hour, and long before the end of it Margaret found herself pledged to stay with her sister until it was time to go home and prepare for Arthur's return. She knew it was all

wrong, somehow, but in her perplexity she found no better way. You had to take Bessie's caprices seriously unless you wished to risk a family rupture, and her sensitive soul shrank from that. She was all on the side of peace and tranquillity and that close linking of family bonds that makes any breath of difference an aching pain.

But it was natural to her, perhaps, with her strong loyalty to her own kindred, that she

prevent her from being very kind to him, and very sorry for the little man, in spite of his philosophic acceptance of the fate dealt out to him. If he had been weak, that was no reason why he should be cooped up in town in August, when no male creature who can command a gun and an invitation to use it on a moor is happy unless after the birds.

"You should really go to the Yorkes'," she said; "they've been counting on you to make up their party. They are a gun short. Alicia Yorke told me so herself. You've no right to disappoint them."

"Even at the expense of disappointing my wife?" he asked, spearing an olive on the little silver fork.

"I am going to stay to look after Bessie," she said a little sharply. "She has just made me promise."

"I thought you were going on a round of visits?"

"Oh, the family!" she said, with a little laugh, thinking of the trunk full of new clothes she had been at the trouble to pack for that serious ceremony. "Arthur must represent me; they don't want me in August. I can't shoot, and we old women have lost our only value. Chaperons are at a discount. No, Bessie agrees with me that since I've put off so long I'd better do my duty at a more convenient season. I'll go when you've killed off everything there is to kill."

"You'll find it dull in winter."

"Oh," she said lightly, "I think I've a little talent for being dull. I'm such a humdrum person at home—it seems to come natural. And other people's dullness will be a little change to mine—especially when I lose Arthur."

"Is he going to be married soon?"

"In the autumn, I hope," she said, with studied cheerfulness.

"So as I'll be busy then and won't see much of Bessie, I may as well make the most of my visit now.

If you'll tell me what you want packed I'll see about it to-morrow, and you might write a line to-night to say you are going."

"I must talk the thing over with Bessie and see how she feels about it," he said, the old habit of self-effacement still predominant. "I'll take some coffee up to her if you don't mind my leaving you."

"Yes, do; I don't want any. And if you'll stay with her I think I'll run home for half-an-hour and tell them not to expect me just yet."

She watched him while he poured out the coffee, and set it precisely on a little tray,



"DON'T GIVE IN TO HER," SHE SAID SMILINGLY.

should think a little impatiently of Bessie's husband.

"She was not like that when she was little," she said to herself; "if Thomas had managed her rightly——"

With her old-fashioned ideas of a husband's superiority it seemed to her that only a reprehensible laxity on Thomas's part had allowed Bessie to get so thoroughly out of hand. He ought to have asserted his authority, put down the first symptoms of rebellion, discouraged foolish fancies.

But her inward criticism of Thomas did not

with the special kind of biscuit Bessie fancied for the moment. She took a step nearer him, and laid her hand on his sleeve.

"Don't give in to her," she said smilingly.

"H'm," he said, looking at her gravely; "I wonder if that advice isn't twenty years too late?"

"But in twenty years one may be old enough to know better," she said, leaving the room first, while he opened the door for her.

"And there is certainly no need that we should both give up our plans," she said to herself with a little sigh as she tied her bonnet strings before the glass.

It was still fairly light, and a cab would take her to her own door in a quarter of an hour. It was not intended to be a surprise visit, and she had no dread of any unpleasant domestic revelations. Her servants had been years with her, and she knew she could trust them, but as she looked into the empty drawing-room, all trim and tidy, and ready for her occupation, even to the flowers in the vases, and the leaves of the palms shining and healthy, and her special chair wheeled to the right angle, a great yearning for her own quiet corner came over her.

In the dining-room her Persian cat came rubbing against her knees to be stroked and admired; on Arthur's writing-table in the window her little pile of tradesmen's books stood in a tidy heap, and against the marble clock on the mantelpiece was a letter from Delia.

"I didn't post it, ma'am," said the parlour-maid, who had gone with the mistress on that little journey of inspection from room to room, "seeing as you were expected home so soon."

"And I have only come to tell you that I am not coming, Cole," she said, unable to keep the regret out of her voice. "Colonel Simpson is going North, and I've promised to stay with Mrs. Simpson for a little longer. I think you and cook and Alice might arrange to have holidays in turn."

She discussed plans and gave her instructions about the care of the house, and then the maid lit the gas and left her to read her letter.

Delia had tidings of distress to impart.

Miss Bramston, in planning and carrying out a day's pleasure for some of the poorer among those whom she had been able to befriend, had sprained her ankle.

The sprain, Delia wrote, was a serious one; more difficult, the doctor had pronounced, or at least more tedious, to heal than a fracture, and her own course was clear. Such longings as she may secretly have cherished for the time of service to be over, that she might again see Arthur, look in his eyes and read her sentence there, were resolutely stifled. Duty and affection alike bound her to her employer, while there was a need of hers she could satisfy.

Mrs. Shore, who would have nursed the sufferer with the kindest devotion had the accident taken place under her roof, had little sympathy for an illness left to her imagination.

"What else can a woman expect," she said to herself, with that touch of intolerance she reserved for all modern movements, "if she will go clambering about on platforms?" It was hard for Delia to be shut up in an airless, smoky town with a sick woman; but, after all, it comforted Margaret a little to think of her employed in this gentle ministry. At least there would be no more rushing about and talking in public.

"Arthur must go to see her on his way to his uncle's," she thought, feeling that she could send no better consolation. For, in spite of Delia's gay dealing with her circumstances, a little home-sickness peeped out of the letter, and Margaret's motherly eyes were quick to perceive it.

"I will send Arthur," she said again, with a smile and a sigh, thinking how quickly, after all, every grievance would be forgotten in that meeting of young love.

CHAPTER XV.

IT would have flattered Arthur's vanity had he known how much he was missed at the farm. Granny lamented his absence daily, though in her wise old heart she knew, perhaps, that it was as well he should go. A young lass's fancy is as light as thistle-down, blown hither and thither at every caprice; and who shall say where it may not settle? Upon barren soil, perhaps, where it can find no nutriment, no welcome of sunshine and shelter. Not for all that she owned would Granny have that happen to her son's child, the girl bairn for whom she had toiled with uncomplaining cheerfulness in her old age.

For it was a part of her creed that like should mate with like, and that no happiness came of lifting yourself out of your station in life. And for that reason, perhaps, though she gave no reason even to herself, she did not hinder Arthur's forth-setting when he finally announced that he must go, but sped him on his way with her blessing and her cordial "Haste ye back."

Was it just a little too late?

Once only Daisy asked hotly, "What made him go like that—in such a hurry? He hadn't thought of such a thing a week ago. Granny, did *you* send him away?"

"Me? No' me! I liket the lad fine. Maybe he was wearyin' on his ain fowk."

"Then," said Daisy half under her breath, "it was John."

Granny's sharp ears caught the words.

"Hoots!" she said cheerfully, "what for should ye even John to sic like work? He's no' the ane to meddle or mell. The young gentleman's as free to gang as he was welcome to come, an' gin he should hanker after his ain way o' life, is there anything to wunner at in that?"

Daisy said nothing, but she avoided her cousin, treating him loftily, as one in disgrace.

She missed the gay companionship, the

laughing deference to which the last months had accustomed her. Arthur had a thousand pleasant little ways, little observances, due from him to every woman by right of her sex. When she strolled over the farm with John on rare days of leisure, he had a way of sauntering on ahead with his hands in his pockets, as if it were a woman's place to creep deferentially behind; at table he sat on, let her

her sensitiveness to the nonsense that had been put into her head by her fine gentleman companion.

These two people, indeed, who were destined some day to forget all their bickerings in one great and satisfying explanation, were for the moment in much discontent with each other.

Daisy dwelt broodingly on big John's deficiencies; her vanity was piqued by his seeming indifference to her charms. He looked at her as if she were middle-aged, and had grey hair brushed back under a cap, like the rector's sister. It was all very well to look at Miss Martin in that way; she had come to the time of life when a woman need expect nothing more than civility from the opposite sex; but when you are young, and have hair that a discriminating person has likened to spun gold, and little feet and hands that are perfectly shaped under the sun tan, it seems a sad waste that nobody should notice them.

There was a shadow, too, over the morning sunlight that came back so abundantly after the heavy rainfall. She was rather a lonely little soul as she wandered here and there over her domain, and the taste seemed to have been taken out of all her simple pleasures. The busiest season of the year being now over, a spell of quiet had fallen upon the farm. The hurried coming and going, the lively shouts and cries of "Woa, there!" "Steady, lass!" which had resounded in the air as the heavily laden wag-gons came in procession down the hill, were stilled;

the calves which she and Mr. Shore had gone to visit every morning were sold to the fat blue-bloused butcher whom Daisy hated, because it was his business to destroy life; and even the little pigs were growing staid, and curled their tails comically no longer. The fields looked naked in their dress of stubble, and did not invite any wandering over them in dainty shoes.

The cress gathering and growing were, indeed, in full swing, but the rains had flooded the beds; each separate little runlet was merged in one broad stream, and even the plank bridges were under water.



WHO SENT HIM AWAY?

come late or early; allowed her to help herself, and even, if she were so graciously disposed, to help him.

How should he know any better? He had been reared in a hard school where there was no room for the gratification of nice tastes. Perhaps, if he had had the skill to win Daisy, he might have reached out through her to some of humanity's refinements, for love is the great tutor; but when she turned up her pretty little nose if he appeared at the two o'clock dinner in his shirt-sleeves, or sniffed disdainfully when his coat smelt of smoke, he wrathfully attributed

She still liked to go out at nightfall to see the waggons laden for their journey to Covent Garden, though it was getting rather chill and dark to linger in the open at ten o'clock. That slow, onward march through all the long night towards London which one reached while it was yet a city of sleep, touched her imagination. She had a fancy to make a little nest for herself among those carefully poised flats and venture forth into the unknown. How still it would be along the sleeping dusky lanes between the hedgerows where the late honeysuckle exhaled sweetness, with Jesse the driver, asleep, perhaps, on his iron perch (she knew he slept sometimes, for once the Metropolitan police had caught and fined him), and the sagacious horses guiding themselves; and how awesome and eerie in the little wood under the dark tapering firs before you come to Wallford, where Nature whispered, unafraid of man. She could hear, as she shut her eyes, the mysterious stir and murmur as of a life unknown to her that waited for the dark, and scent the piny odour that was so much stronger than in the daytime. Beyond Wallford she could not picture the way, but she knew that there were villages and little towns at no great distance from each other, and at Edgware she had heard that the big inn where the market-gardeners and the carriers stop to refresh weary man and beast is ablaze all night long, and full of bustle and hurry, while the townsfolk slumber at peace.

That would be one way of going to London, and at Covent Garden she could choose for herself what to bring back in the empty flats, instead of leaving it to Jesse's dull imagination. Jesse had no ideas beyond peas and pears or plums in their due season, but the little mistress would have filled all the baskets with those wonderful flowers that bloom for early comers, of which she had been told. But, on second thoughts, it would please her dignity better to go to town as a lady of means who thought nothing of taking hansom-cabs everywhere.

One night while she was watching the horses being yoked to the laden lorry, ready with a lump of sugar for each as an encouragement and reward, John spoke suddenly out of the darkness, coming close and almost touching her. There had been little speech between them of late, and perhaps he found it easier to make a new attempt at friendliness when their faces were hidden and he could not see the rebellious curl of Daisy's lips.

"It's too late for you to be out in that thin gown, Maggie," he said. "You'd better run in out of this snell wind."

"I don't want to run in; and what do you know about my dress?"

For all answer, he whipped off his coat, and, before she could remonstrate or rebel, had wrapped it round her shoulders.

"There, then, if ye won't go in that'll fend ye from the blast."

"Ugh!" she said, with a little disgusted shrug; "how it smells of nasty tobacco!"

"That'll do ye no hurt," he said good

humouredly, for though she wriggled her shoulders she had not rejected the coat as he had expected her to do.

He was helping with the buckles and straps of the harness, and he took advantage of her softer mood to say:

"We're not very thronged now. If ye like, I could spare an hour or two to take you somewhere to-morrow—where ye will."

"Here, Whitefoot," she said, pretending not to hear him, "here's your sugar, good beastie."

"Have you no sugar for me, Daisy?" he said, coming nearer and speaking low.

It was a great effort on his part, as much as a whole flood of eloquence from another man, and he had called her Daisy, and not the hateful Maggie against which she rebelled. For a moment she wavered; the warmth of his coat round her cotton-clad shoulders was comforting to her chilled blood, and in this big, rough man's kindness her bruised spirit might find a safe refuge—but her pride was yet quivering. He could bend down to her when it suited him; fling her a pleasure when he was 'slack,' and had nothing else in particular to occupy him!

She gave a little laugh that cut him to the quick, so gay it was, so scornful of his awakened tenderness.

"Is it sugar bools you want?" she said. "I daresay Jesse will bring you some from town if you ask him!"

"I asked you to go for a drive with me," he said, his voice hardening, he himself altogether shaken from the old phlegmatic calm that had given him his power. He was conscious of a great increase of irritableness which he despised in himself, the more because he tried vainly to control it.

"And what if I decline?"

"You can do as you like," he said ungraciously.

"It is well for you to recognise that," she said lightly, "for it is what I mean to do always."

"You'd have had another answer if it had been your fine London friend," he said bitterly, forgetting his dignity.

"Perhaps," she assented, "since he would have asked me more civilly. Here is your coat, cousin John; you have succeeded in making me warm enough without it."

She flung it upon the broken wire fence that surrounded the ragged lawn, and turned back to the house.

He listened to the patter of her steps in the darkness with a sick sense that he somehow always said and did the wrong thing, and a smouldering conviction of injustice that might at any moment leap into flame. Fool, idiot, ass that he was to encourage any irresponsible idler to filch from him his very own! For he knew now that Arthur had robbed him of that which he might never recover—a girl's wayward lightly kindled fancy. And it did but add to his pain to know that her ambitions, if they took the shape of marriage, would never be realised. He saw far more clearly than she how wide a

gulf separated her from the life to which Arthur Shore had been born, and the sense of the irreconcilableness between her desires and the conditions of her lot only made his burden the heavier.

To the dull surprise of the odd man, Jesse, he announced at the last moment that he would take the team himself to market. Jesse did not trouble his sluggish brain with many conjectures over the master's sudden freak; he profited by it to steal an extra night wrapped in his horse blanket among the trusses of the hay loft, where of late he had been bidden to rest, all unknown to her, to save Daisy from her haunting dread of tramps.

And to John that drive through the brown pensive night unlit by stars, scented by the many odours that steal up from the resting earth, alive with the gentle mystery of sound that was yet a mere rustle upon the great silence, was like a cool hand laid on a fevered brow, stilling its throbbing. So gently does the "equable maternity" of Nature minister to all her children, the good and the less good alike.

As for Arthur Shore, temporarily interested—as he had a knack of being—in the new surroundings, looking forward to a fortnight's shooting in the North where his uncle had rented a moor, the thought of Daisy soon grew less urgent; day by day her figure receded a little, till it no longer occupied a foremost place in his mind's gallery. She was a dear little girl, but his summer's play with her was only an episode

in a life that was full of interest and amusement. He was not naturally cruel, and it never occurred to him that the impression he had left on her fancy might be more lasting than that she had made on his, since her circumstances did not offer the same variety of distraction.

He saw his mother for a hurried half-hour in passing through town. She received him in Aunt Bessie's very smart drawing-room, where both he, in his rough travelling suit, and she, in her plain black cashmere and white cap, looked out of place.

"I wish you could have seen Delia on the way," she said.

"So do I," he answered, with real regret, "but, you see, the Pearces have engaged a saloon to go right through, and I couldn't very well back out of going with them at the last minute. Besides, I should see nothing of her. That lecturing woman seems to take up all her time."

"I hope she will soon be able to travel, so as to allow Delia to return. It is time something was settled about your marriage, Arthur."

He put his hands on her shoulders and looked down at her fondly.

"If I could be sure I could ever get as good a woman as you are, mother!"

"You're not discontented with Delia?" she asked, with some uneasiness.

"No, indeed!" he laughed. "I'm going to have my last little fling as a bachelor—that's all. Whenever I get back we'll set about publishing the banns."

GONDAL: A NATIVE INDIAN STATE.

ANYONE who has lived in India for a number of years must always be interested in exploring a Native State, and so, when the opportunity came to visit Gondal and enjoy a few days' rest in the hospitable Guest House there, we gladly availed ourselves of it.

The country surrounding the town of Gondal is so well wooded and fertile it is hard to realise that it is situated in the rather bleak province of Kathiawar.

One sees, almost at a glance, that all the natural advantages of this Native State have been fully developed by the enterprising chief, who is well known as a highly accomplished man with European tastes, and with a truly regal desire to benefit his subjects by introducing into the surroundings of his State the best that modern civilisation offers.

During the occasion of our visit to Gondal the Rajah and Ranee were both in England, so that we did not see them; but we were conducted over the various places of interest by the Diwan or Prime Minister, a Parsee gentleman, who carries out with great skill the plans of the Rajah for the improvement of the State.

The town palace is apparently quite on the

principle of most Oriental royal residences, with its secluded zenana rooms, beautifully carved doors, and images of the various gods. Since the death of the mother of the present chief this palace has fallen into disuse, however, and the royal life at Gondal in the country palace seems to have most of the features which characterise the homes of English noblemen. The new palace is quite like a modern English house—with its pleasant rooms handsomely furnished; and the well-stocked library gives one the impression that the Rajah is in touch with the classic literature of England.

One is hardly surprised, in the midst of so much that is modern, to find electric light all through the palace, as well as in a beautifully fitted saloon train, which has been specially arranged to take the royal party from the very door of the palace to their destination.

After visiting the palaces we were driven to the hospital, which is certainly one of the best organised of its kind in India. It is presided over by a Hindoo doctor; the wards are kept spotlessly clean; and one is only conscious of the scent of lovely flowers, which are daily

supplied from the pretty garden known to the natives as "Paradise." The Gondal Rajah, being himself an M.D., gives special attention to medical science, and encourages every effort made to alleviate the sufferings of humanity in his own State, and one sees new instruments and appliances being constantly introduced into the hospital.

We had often heard that the Asylum for the Infirm was well worth a visit, and when our kind friend the Diwan drove us to see this very benevolent institution we were not disappointed. I believe there are few such institutions in India—that is, homes for those who are unable, through some bodily infirmity, to earn their own bread. There were about seventy people in the asylum—men, women, and children—several of them quite blind and all suffering from some physical disability. They had come from all parts of India—Lucknow, Agra, Surat, etc.—and while they remained in the asylum were sure of being fed and clothed. We were told that as the paupers were of all castes and creeds a Brahmin cook was kept, so that no one could object to the way in which the food was prepared. Several of the guests were fasting on the day we visited them, and it was pathetic to witness their devotion to the rules of their religion—in an attitude of prayer by their bedsides, counting their beads in the midst of their hunger, while their companions, who were probably Mohammedans, were having a plentiful meal of curry and rice on the adjoining verandah.

Before each meal a form of "grace" is chanted in chorus, which proves that at any rate Divine provision of food is recognised.

An account of Gondal would not be complete without reference to the Grassia College—a college of which the Gondal State is justly proud. It is quite new, and admirably designed, resembling in some ways the Rajkumer College at Rajkote. The college is intended for the education of the sons of *Grassias* or small landowners in the province

of Kathiawar. These boys have hitherto, chiefly from lack of some profession or trade, been greatly exposed to the evils of idleness and self-indulgence, and the aim of the college will be to cope with these evils by a system of education and training which will fit the boys for leading useful lives and helping to improve the condition of those who depend on them. When we arrived at the college we were courteously received by the Principal, an Englishman in academic dress, who kindly conducted us over the class-rooms and dormitories, which, being situated in an upper storey, have every advantage of fresh air and a fine view over Gondal town, with the river winding through the trees.

There were about twenty-four boarders present at the time of our visit to the college, besides a number of day pupils. They all learn English in all its branches, but it takes some years of diligent study before the boys can converse fluently in the language.

We were allowed to look on while the boarders were served with their mid-day meal. They all squatted on the floor in a circle, a large brass dish and "lata" or drinking-cup being placed in front of each; then the cook came round with a huge copper vessel, out of which the boys were supplied with a large helping of a porridge made of vegetables called "kichardi," which they ate with their fingers in quite a cleanly fashion, and finished off with a drink of water. They were all picturesque-looking in their white clothes and gay turbans. We remarked that they were extremely quiet, but the Principal assured us that on the cricket field they were quite as lively as English boys.

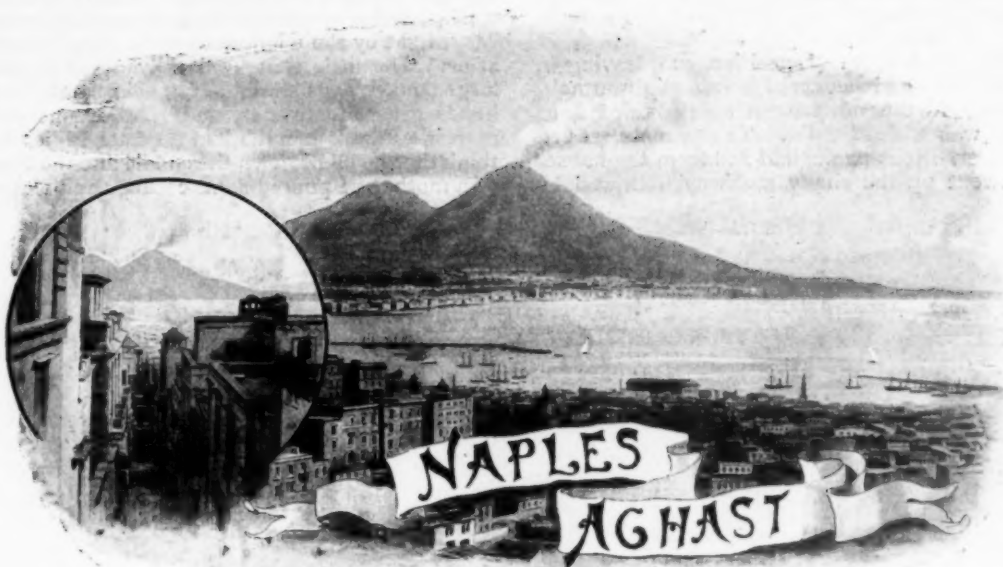
The household arrangements of the college are entirely managed by men, and women servants are an unknown quantity. Everything seemed in perfect order, and the boys have the advantage of daily contact with refined and ennobling influences, so that the outlook for the future of Grassia homes is a very hopeful one.

ANNIE H. IRWIN

The Kiss of Spring.

O'ER the bare Earth, that looked so stern erewhile,
Held in the icy grasp of Winter old,
Comes a faint flush, the flitting of a smile,
Now here, now there, chasing afar the cloud,
The gloom that had o'erspread her brow so long.
She holds her breath, lest she should miss the sound
Of steps she waits upon the frozen ground.
Then, in a throb of joy, rises the song
She had left off to sing while, harsh and loud,
Winter's rude voice had chilly bade her hush;
And broader grows the smile, rosier the flush,
As, in a mantle all of green and gold—
With every charm and fragrance she can bring—
She rises up to meet the kiss of Spring.

MARCIA TYNDALE.



BY DR. LOUIS W. SAMBON.

I.

IT was a glorious September, and the sun shone brightly on the Bay of Naples, but the noisiest city in the world for once was silent and deserted.

Hundreds of ships lay floating on the foul water within the harbour, none on the beautiful sea without, which seemed to smile with its countless dimples.

The sun-burnt fishermen of Mergellina lounged on the beach, in the shade of the upturned boats, idly smoking their pipes; what was the use of toiling when no one bought a single fish?

Piles of fruit and vegetables lay rotting in the market-place—whole pyramids of luscious figs, gaily decorated with cactus flowers, had been thrown into the dust van.

Carmè waited in vain on the jetty of Santa Lucia, by a cluster of empty chairs; no one dared drink sulphurous water, and no one seemed to remember her large, expressive black eyes, her wicked little teeth, her wonderful hair!

All day long the dead-carts rattled along the streets. At every turning you saw people fall on their knees, while a priest in white surplice hurried by to give the last consolations of the Church, preceded by boys with lanterns, and followed closely by some one holding a large red umbrella opened over his head.

Now and then a dismal sound of wailings and lamentations would announce a procession of women, with burning tapers in their hands, walking barefooted and with their hair falling loosely behind them, headed by a few ruffians, some bearing the images of saints, others

rattling boxes filled with small coin, and roaring to the people at the windows, for the love of Heaven, to give money.

At night immense fires blazed in the open squares to renovate and purify the air, while stifling fumes of burning sulphur gushed out of the sewer traps, and filled the streets with a ghastly bluish mist, through which the lamps gleamed faintly.

Cholera was raging—and lazy, filthy, wicked Naples was paying a heavy, heavy ransom.

Whilst scientists disputed angrily on the importation of the disease, the priests proclaimed it to be a chastisement of Heaven for the wickedness of the people, who had forgotten the saints and neglected their duties to the Church.

Warnings had not been wanting, but people had turned a deaf and contemptuous ear to them. Only a few weeks before the outbreak, the image of the most glorious Apostle for India, Saint Francis Saverio, so, it was rumoured, had become suddenly pale in the face, and it had been seen, for several days, to open and shut its eyes, in an imploring way, to the image of the blessed Virgin painted on the same canvas.

Fasts, prayers, and offerings to the saints were ordered, and people crowded again in the churches, where, as usual, while the mass was being chanted, they whispered and spat.

A punishment of God?—most certainly—not for neglecting the rites of superstition, but for the sins of carelessness, of covetousness, and of tyranny, which filled the city with undrained

sewers, polluted water, adulterated and putrid food, and forced the poor to lodge in filthy hovels, unfit for beasts.

* * * * *

One Sunday, in Vico Fico, on leaving a patient who had recovered from a slight attack, I was told that in a room on the third floor there was a dead child. The parents, seized by superstitious panic, had fled from the house.

I went up the shaky stairway, followed by

in which he was swaddled, and, a few minutes later, when a pretty little girl of six or seven brought me up a large pitcher of hot water, I washed and warmed his black, emaciated limbs. Then I sat by the window with the child in my arms. The little thing did rally a while; his large sunken eyes stared at me, his small cold hands grasped my coat, and I believe he did mutter a faint "mamma," at any rate I liked to think that he had known the cuddle and the kiss of a mother. I poured some cordials and water



CARMÈ.

(From a water-colour drawing by V. Montefrisco.)

some of the lodgers. In the centre of a small chamber, on the naked floor, stood a large square basket, in which lay a child of about three, wrapped up in a white cloth. Two candles had been placed one on each side of the basket. One had fallen over and lay flaring across the cot!

A woman opened the shutters, and I bent over the cradle to see the little corpse.

The child was not dead! He was cold and almost pulseless, but he was still breathing.

I took him up, tore away the soiled rags

down his poor throat, but he vomited all again and again over my lap. Seeing this, a woman tried to take him away, but it was not easy to disengage his little fingers, so tightly had they clasped my clothes.

I sat a long time with the poor little foundling, running my fingers through his black curls while I watched and hoped, but, ah me! the little face grew darker and darker, the eyes waxed dimmer, the tiny hands relaxed their grasp, and the child drew one last gasp, and died like a bubble that bursts in the sunshine.

I wrapped him up in a clean cloth that a kind neighbour brought up, and laid him again in his basket. We had no flowers, but the setting sun poured floods of golden light through the open window, and covered him with the ruddy warmth of ineffable love.

One afternoon, as I entered the Municipality

patient was lying, half dressed, on a bed of corn husks. She was a beautiful girl of sixteen. Her face was exceedingly pale, and contrasted deeply with the dishevelled hair of a glossy blackness which surrounded it. The poor child tossed herself to and fro in the agitation of terror, and, sobbing, said she would *not* die. Now and again she gave a piercing shriek as violent cramps assailed her.



THE OLD FISHERMAN OF BORGO LORETO.
(From a sketch by V. Montefrisco.)

office, I was seized upon by two old women who had been there a long time weeping and clamouring for a doctor. They led me to a miserable building in the Via Duchesca. While we were feeling our way up the dark and rickety stairs a voice from above cried out :

"For God's sake, quick, quick !"

When I got to the sick-room I found a large company assembled, mostly of women. The

All the people around stood looking on, wailing and yelling.

The room was hot and stifling ; it reeked with the smell of vinegar and garlic which had been rubbed on the patient. A tiny lamp was flaring before a soiled and faded image of the Virgin.

I turned as many people as possible out of the room, and opened the window ; then,

leaning over the patient, I applied myself as well as I could to the tranquillising of her mind.

"Can you do anything for me?" she said, grasping convulsively my hands. "I don't want to die—I must *not* die!—do something!—you have a kind face—save me!—save me!"

"Calm yourself," I replied, "and with God's help you will soon be better."

She begged me to sit down by her bedside, and as the cramps returned she writhed in agony and pressed so hard my wrists that her nails went deep into my flesh.

Having given full instructions to her mother, I entreated the girl to lie still and do as she was bid, but she would not let me go. "If you go, I shall die—would it not be a pity if I were to die!—remain a few minutes longer—I must not die—save me!"

I disengaged my hands from her grasp, and promised to return very soon.

I returned in the evening; again a quantity of people were crowded in the room, and were lamenting loudly, while the half frantic mother wrung her hands in despair and tore her grizzled hair.

As I entered the room one of the women said under her breath, "You can do nothing, she is dying."

The poor girl was not struggling; the desire for life had waned; a fearful alteration had occurred in the few hours I had been away. Her lovely round face was drawn and of a leaden hue, her beautiful eyes were sunk and turned upwards, so that only a ghastly white line could be seen between the semi-closed eyelids, her limbs were as rigid and as cold and as dark as slate.

I asked her how she felt; she replied, in a barely audible whisper, "Let me alone."

Nothing that I had ordered had been done, but a priest had administered to her the last sacraments; two pieces of garlic had been placed in her nostrils, two small images of the Madonna had been pasted on her legs, and the mother, instead of nursing her, had been to hang a votive candle at the nearest shrine.

As the evening wore away she sank more and more, and long before dawn she had left this earthly life which she loved so dearly, though it had been to her a cruel struggle against hunger and wretchedness.

One night, in a crumbling house in Vico Fico, I found an old fisherman in the collapse stage. On another bed in the corner lay the corpse of his wife, starkly outlined below the blankets. In an adjoining room a young woman wept piteously over the empty cradle of her baby. There were several young people standing round the old man's bed. I ordered a warm bath, and told them there was not a minute to lose, but they trusted in the guardianship of the saints, and remained by the bedside looking on and howling dismally. Then I went to light the fire myself; and I

offered them money if they would draw the water from the well and bring me more fuel. My determination at length prevailed, and, as soon as the wood began to crackle in the grate I beckoned to the eldest son to follow me, and we went to the Municipality office for a bath. The poor lad, a sunburnt, honest-looking fellow of some two-and-twenty years, ran by my side sobbing the whole way. He told me his name was Andrea—he had lost his child the evening before, his mother had died in the morning, and now perhaps on our return home his father would be gone dead. We luckily found a bath at the office, and we wheeled it through the streets as fast as we could.

The warm bath worked wonders; the old man rallied, and when we had placed him again in bed I showed them how to keep him warm with bricks and bottles. Then, being dead tired, I went home and slept in my clothes.

When I woke it was past ten. I swallowed a large bowl of coffee and drove in all haste to Mercato. I found the old sailor propped up in his bed and gulping sulphurous water out of a big earthen jar dabbed with red paint. But—horror, horror!—Andrea was dead. He had died a few minutes before my arrival, and his wife, crazy with grief, was shaking his corpse and calling him by name.

Rosa N., aged twelve, was the last of five cases which I had to visit on a Sunday morning. When I got to her house I found that the poor girl had been dead some hours.

Rosinella was a baby when her mother died, but a maiden aunt had brought her up with every care. Her father was a sea captain, and was expected daily from Buenos Ayres. That very Sunday had been fixed, long ago, for Rosinella's confirmation.

The servants had clad her in her white robe, and they had arranged over her head the broad Communion veil and a chaplet of flowers. Her hands had been folded on her bosom in the attitude of prayer, and a white carnation had been placed in her mouth as an emblem of her spotless innocence.

On the following day, when I passed that house, the mortal remains of poor Rosinella were being carried away in a plain deal coffin, and a number of ragged children were shrieking and struggling and pushing in the middle of the street because, according to custom, a few handfuls of sugar-almonds had been thrown after the hearse.

The "Lampione" is the name given to the most abominable part of the town, where lurk the tigresses of Naples. The Angel of cholera fluttered fiercely amongst those wretched women, and we followed helpless in his cruel track.

I shall never forget the first night I entered the Lampione. Several women, mostly old and with long scars on their faces, crowded round

me, and offered to sing and dance for me. Some of them were drunk, all of them were chewing tobacco.

I explained that I was the Municipality doctor, and that I had come to see a certain Elvira, who had been attacked by cholera. They led me to her den—a small room hung with a bright red paper. I found the poor girl very ill; her face was made ghastly by a combination of the rouge on her cheeks and the indigo hues of the disease. Some of her sisters in wretchedness, dressed up in brightly coloured petticoats, were smoking by her bed. They were giggling and laughing and roaring because Elvira had asked for a priest, and one of them, throwing a blanket over her shoulders, had walked up solemnly to her side with an empty glass in her hand, saying she had come to administer the last sacraments.

I bent over the low bed and tried to comfort the poor girl, but she muttered to me that she had broken the heart of her parents by leaving a happy home for a wretch who had forced her to lead a life of shame, and that she had dug the grave of a child in her own bosom, and she died miserably, fearing the curse of her parents and the wrath of God.

Have you ever visited the nightly haunts of the houseless poor? I have seen many such, and I can assure you that the Neapolitan shelters are by no means the most repulsive.

One of them was certainly a fearful place. The bare walls were damp and foully dirty; the ceiling was black, mouldering and crumbling; the air was fetid and stifling. There were no windows, but only a small oval grating of rusty iron bars which opened five or six feet above the ground on a narrow and dark staircase. In the middle of the filthy hovel there was a rough deal table, and on it sat an old man naked, sewing patches in his trousers by the dim light of a tallow candle inserted in the gullet of a wine bottle. On the floor, on half mouldy straw, were lying creatures of both sexes and of all ages, sleeping in their rags. On one side a man of about forty lay writhing and groaning in the agonies of cholera. Two little girls, close by, watched and giggled. It was great fun to them to push him away with their dirty little feet when he rolled too near to them.

In a comparatively large room in the Via Lavinaio I found a young woman who had all but reached the stage of collapse—while dark shades were gathering round her eyes and mouth; a tremendous scar on her left cheek showed more and more its white line, which extended from her eye to her chin, and told a tale of brutal jealousy.

Two women were in attendance, and as I entered the sick-room a child of about three ran quickly to the younger one, and hid herself, as if for protection, in the folds of her gown.

There was some hope, and I asked them to

let me join in their struggle with death. They seemed unwilling at first, and feared the medicines I wished to administer.

I told them I had no wife, no sisters, but that I had the best, the sweetest of mothers; and that, for the love of her, I should be unable to do aught that was unkind to a woman. At last I won their confidence, and we were soon all hard at work, even the child, who joyfully and noisily ran for all we required.

I was injecting some ether in the patient's chest, when the door was flung open and three men entered, wild with terror. One of them was the husband. Seeing his woman pinched, livid, motionless—while he had left her in the morning full of life and mirth—he imagined I had poisoned her, and, in a moment of despair, he drew out a revolver and aimed it at my breast. I made a rush at him and seized his outstretched arm—a bullet flew to the ceiling—both the women shrieked; one of the men bolted the door, the other drew and opened a large clasp knife. I had a firm hold of my opponent, but I could not speak. The women came to my assistance—the elder one, his mother, threw her arms round his neck, yelling "For Heaven's sake! the gentleman is good." Then I let go of him, and, turning to the other men, I told them my medicine was no poison, and that, if they wished, I would drink as much of it as they pleased.

"No," said the husband, looking at me with fierce, glaring eyes: "you will not drink it, you will thrust it into your own heart as you did to my wife"; and again he pointed to my breast the bright barrel of his revolver. To this judgment there was no appeal—ether or lead. I chose ether, and, having bared my chest, I thrust the needle into my own flesh, and injected a full syringe of burning ether.

When I withdrew the needle, a drop of blood appeared, and the *camorristi* were satisfied.

Then the women told him how his Fortù had been seized soon after he left, and that she was already beyond hope when I arrived—they spoke kindly of me, and the mother said I had been sent by the Blessed Virgin.

Meanwhile Fortù had rallied, and she was sitting up and calling to her husband.

As soon as I could I took leave—they all kissed my hands, and begged I would forgive, and return.

It was a great relief to find oneself again walking in the streets and breathing the fresh sea air, but I wondered what would happen to me. When I got to the Municipality office, I told my companions that I had pricked myself with a Pravaz-needle previously used on a patient. They replied they would be in readiness; and, laughing, they suggested I had better order my coffin, if I cared to have one, because notwithstanding that the Government ship-builders had been turned into coffin-makers, the demand exceeded by far the supply.

Fortù recovered, and the last time I saw her she gave me the image of a saint out of her prayer-book.

ROBERT FORTUNE, PLANT COLLECTOR.

WE have all heard of what the man deserved who made two blades of grass grow where one grew before, but what shall we say of him who not only introduced the tea and other plants into India, but brought among us over two hundred species and varieties from the Far East, most of which are now so established in our gardens that they seem to have been with us for ages? The man was Robert Fortune—aptly, and inevitably, named the most fortunate of plant collectors—who was born at Kelloe, in Berwickshire, in 1813, and died in the Gilston Road, Brompton, in 1880.

He began as a gardener's apprentice and worked his way up in about a dozen years to be Superintendent of the Indoor Department at the Horticultural Society's Chiswick Gardens; and he was afterwards for a short time curator of the Apothecaries' Garden at Chelsea. When peace was made with China in 1842, Fortune was sent out as botanical collector by the Horticultural Society. He arrived at Hong Kong in July the next year, after a passage of four months from England, and immediately set to work by sending home *Chirita sinensis*, whose elegant foxglove lilac flowers he found under the dripping rocks of the island's ravines where the ferns and creeping shrubs grew in crowds. On the hills he came across the yellow orchid *Spathoglottis fortunei*, which he promptly despatched after the *Chirita*. In August he was off to Amoy, whence "some very pretty roses producing small double flowers of great neatness and beauty" were collected and sent to Chiswick. From Amoy he went to Chimoo, where he was attacked by the natives, and among the plants which were nearly destroyed in the fight was *Abelia rupestris*, which ultimately arrived safely in England.

His next hunting-ground was the island of Chusan, which he visited again and again. Here he met for the first time the beautiful *Wistaria sinensis* wild on the hills, where it climbs among the hedges and on the trees, its flowering branches hanging in graceful festoons by the sides of the narrow roads that lead over the mountains. The purple variety was already known in England, having been introduced in 1816 from Consequa's garden at Canton; but the white variety, which he afterwards found at Soo-chow and sent home from Shanghai, was new. From Shanghai he also sent home the beautiful *Cryptomeria japonica*, the Japan cedar, a species of pine of much the same character as the araucarias of Chile and Norfolk Island, which is now to be found in every nursery, though it has not yet attained the height it does in its native land, where it

furnishes the long poles that are generally to be seen in front of the Chinese temples. Another great find at Shanghai was the *Anemone japonica*, which he discovered in full flower amongst the graves of the natives round the ramparts.

To get to Soo-chow, which was not then open to Europeans, he had to disguise himself as a Chinaman, with pigtail complete. It was a dangerous game and nearly ended seriously. He went because the gardeners at Shanghai told him it contained a great many nurseries from which came nearly all the plants they had for sale. This turned out to be untrue, but he succeeded in bringing away the white *Wistaria* already mentioned, a fine new double yellow rose, and *Gardenia florida fortunei* with large white blossoms like a camellia.

In the spring of 1844 he was back in Chusan, which he described in his "Wanderings in China" as one of the most beautiful islands in the world.

"In the mornings," he said, "the grass sparkles with dew, the air is cool and refreshing, the birds are singing in every bush, and flowers are hanging in graceful festoons from the trees and hedges. The new plants of the island, some of which I had discovered in the preceding autumn, I now saw in flower for the first time. Early in spring the hillsides were covered with a beautiful daphne with lilac flowers (*Daphne fortunei*); *Azalea ovata*, certainly one of the finest and most distinct plants of this kind which I have introduced, also grows wild on the hills, and was in full bloom at this period. A fine new *Buddleia* (*B. lindleyana*) had a most graceful appearance, as its long spikes of purple flowers hung in profusion from the hedges on the hillside, often side by side with the well-known glycine (*Wistaria sinensis*). Another plant, certainly one of the most beautiful shrubs of Northern China, the *Weigela rosea* (now *Diervilla rosea*, the bush honeysuckle) was first discovered in the garden of a Chinese mandarin near the city of Tinghae on this island. This spring it was loaded with its noble rose-coloured flowers, and was the admiration of all who saw it, both English and Chinese."

In January 1845 he made a short visit to the Philippines with the object of procuring a supply of the beautiful orchid *Phalenopsis amabilis*, which Cuming had sent home a few years before, but which was still extremely rare in England. Arriving at Manila he started for the Laguna, a large lake in the interior of the island, in the neighbourhood of which was a farmhouse where he stayed as guest. Making an Indian's hut in the wood his headquarters, he held there a sort of market for the purchase of orchids.

"The Indians," he says, "knew the hour at which I should return to the hut, and on my arrival I generally found the ground in front strewn with orchids in the state in which they had been cut from the trees, and many of them covered with flowers. The *Phalenopsis*, in particular, was singularly beautiful. I was very anxious to get some large specimens of the plant, and offered a dollar, which was a high sum in an Indian forest, for the largest which

should be brought to me. The lover of this beautiful tribe will easily imagine the delight I felt when one day I saw two Indians approaching with a plant of extraordinary size, having ten or twelve branching flower-stalks upon it and upwards of a hundred flowers in full bloom. 'There,' said they in triumph, 'is not that worth a dollar?' I acknowledged that they were well entitled to the reward, and took immediate possession of my prize."

It is worth noting that for the first example of this orchid which Cuming had sent home the Duke of Devonshire gave a hundred guineas. This huge plant of Fortune's, which reached Chiswick safely, was the largest specimen ever seen in Europe.

Returning to the North of China in the beginning of the spring, he remained there till the end of the summer, travelling between Shanghai, Chusan, Ningpo, and other parts of the interior, visiting them at intervals as the plants came into bloom. In this way a large number of tree-pæonies, azaleas, viburnums, daphnes, roses, and many other plants, all new to Europe and of great beauty, were from time to time added to his collection and shipped to England.

China is not a pleasant place to travel in even now; in those early days it was really dangerous for a European to be found outside the few treaty ports. His difficulties and adventures must remain unrecorded here, with one exception, his encounter with the pirates, which will serve as an example. It was on his voyage from Foo-chow to Chusan, when he was the only European passenger on a native junk. They were about sixty miles from the Min river, when the captain and pilot came down to his cabin to tell him that they saw a number of pirates right ahead, lying in wait for them.

"I ridiculed the idea," he says, "and told them that they imagined every junk they saw to be a pirate; but they still maintained that they were so, and I therefore considered it prudent to be prepared for the worst. I got out of bed, ill and feverish as I was, and carefully examined my fire-arms, clearing the nipples of my gun and pistols, and putting on fresh caps, and also rammed down a ball upon the top of each charge of shot in my gun, put a pistol in each side pocket, and patiently waited for the result. By the aid of a small pocket-telescope I could see as the nearest junk approached that her deck was crowded with men; I then had no longer any doubts regarding her intentions. The pilot, an intelligent old man, now came up to me and said that he thought resistance was of no use; I might manage to beat off one junk, or even two, but that I had no chance with five of them. Being at that time in no mood to take advice or be dictated to by anyone, I ordered him off to look after his own duty. I knew perfectly well that if we were taken by the pirates I had not the slightest chance of escape; for the first thing they would do would be to knock me on the head and throw me overboard, as they would deem it dangerous to themselves were I to get away. At the same time I must confess I had little hopes of being able to beat off such a number, and devoutly wished myself anywhere rather than where I was."

"The scene around me," he continues, "was a strange one. The captain, pilot, and one or two native passengers, were taking up the boards of the cabin floor and putting their money and valuables out of sight amongst the ballast. The common sailors, too, had their copper cash to hide; and the whole place was in a state of bustle and confusion. When all their more valuable property was hidden, they began to make some preparations for defence. Baskets of small stones were brought up from the hold and emptied out on the most convenient parts of the deck, and were intended

to be used instead of firearms when the pirates came to close quarters. This is a common mode of defence in various parts of China, and is effectual enough when the enemy has only similar weapons to bring against them; but on the coast of Tokien, where we were now, all the pirate junks carried guns, and consequently a whole deck-load of stones could be of very little use against them."

The pirate fleet were in a hurry to begin.

"The nearest pirate was now within 200 or 300 yards of us, and, putting her helm down, gave us a broadside from her guns. All was now dismay and consternation on board our junk, and every man ran below except two who were at the helm. I expected every moment that these also would leave their post, and then we should have been an easy prey to the pirates. 'My gun is nearer you than those of the jan-dous,' said I to the two men, 'and if you move from the helm depend upon it I will shoot you!' The poor fellows looked very uncomfortable, but, I suppose, thought they had better stand the fire of the pirates than mine, and kept at their post."

"The shot from the pirates fell considerably short of us, and I was therefore enabled to form an opinion of the range and power of their guns, which was of some use to me. Assistance from our cowardly crew was quite out of the question, for there was not a man amongst them brave enough to use the stones which had been brought on deck. Again the nearest pirate fired upon us. The shot this time fell just under our stem. I still remained quiet, as I had determined not to fire a single shot until I was quite certain my gun would take effect. The third broadside which followed this came whizzing over our heads and through the sails, without, however, wounding either the men at the helm or myself. The pirates now seemed quite sure of their prize, and came down upon us hooting and yelling like demons, loading their guns, and evidently determined not to spare their shot. I knew that the next discharge would completely rake our decks. 'Now,' said I to our helmsmen, 'keep your eyes fixed on me, and the moment you see me fall flat on the deck you must do the same, or you will be shot!' I knew that the pirate who was now on our stern could not bring his guns to bear on us without putting his helm down, and bringing his gangway at right angles with our stern, as his guns were fired from the gangway. I therefore kept a sharp eye upon his helmsman, and the moment I saw him putting the helm down I ordered our steersmen to fall flat on their faces behind some wood, and at the same moment did so myself. We had scarcely done so when bang! bang! went their guns, and the shot came whizzing close over us, splintering the wood about us in all directions. Fortunately none of us were struck. 'Now, mandarin, now! they are quite close enough!' cried out my companions, who did not wish to have another broadside like the last. I, being of the same opinion, raised myself above the high stern of our junk; and while the pirates were not more than twenty yards from us, hooting and yelling, I raked their decks fore and aft with shot and ball from my double-barrelled gun. Had a thunderbolt fallen amongst them they could not have been more surprised. Doubtless many were wounded, and probably some killed. At all events, the whole of the crew, not fewer than forty or fifty men, who a moment before crowded the deck, disappeared in a marvellous manner, sheltering themselves behind the bulwarks or lying flat on their faces. They were so completely taken by surprise that their junk was left without a helmsman; her sails flapped in the wind; and as we were still carrying all sail and keeping on our right course, they were soon left a considerable way astern."

Another junk now bore down, and the same tactics were resorted to, with the result that its helmsman was killed, and it was left with the sails flapping uselessly. Two other junks, when they saw what had happened, prudently forebore to venture nearer, and, the peril being over, up came the heroic crew to hoot and yell at the pirates they had a few minutes before held in such terror. Two days afterwards

another pirate fleet appeared on the scene, to be beaten off in a similar way. Yet later on the Chinese crew, to whom gratitude appeared to be unknown, refused to complete their contract by landing Fortune in Chusan, and had to be brought to their senses by being threatened with the contents of the redoubtable double-barrel.

In 1848 Fortune was off again to China in the employ of the East India Company, for the purpose of introducing the tea-plant into India, which he so successfully did, as related in our "Port of London" papers. It was on this journey, described in his "Tea Districts of China and India," that he discovered and sent home that beautiful tree, the weeping cypress (*Cupressus funebris*), which he found growing in grounds of a country inn at Shang-i-yuen. In an old garden at Tung-che he found the charming *Berberis japonica*.

"Having taken a survey of the place," he says, "we were making our way out, when an extraordinary plant, growing in a secluded part of the garden, met my eye. When I got near it I found that it was a very fine evergreen *Berberis*, belonging to the section of *Mahonias*, and having, of course, pinnated leaves. Each leaflet was as large as the leaf of an English holly, spiny, and of a dark shining green colour. The shrub was about eight feet high, much branched, and far surpassed in beauty all the other known species of *Mahonia*. It had but one fault, and that was that it was too large to move and bring away. I secured a leaf, however, and marked the spot where it grew, in order to secure some cuttings of it on my return from the interior."

In the Bohea ranges "a fine species of *Abelia* was met with on the Fokien side of the mountains, which will probably be a favourite in English gardens. Its flowers are as large as those of the *Weigela rosea*, of a blueish tinge, and bloom in great profusion for a long time. When I first saw the plant I took it to be the *Abelia chinensis* of Brown, but I observe that Dr. Lindley, to whom the plant was sent for examination, calls it *A. uniflora*. It is a curious circumstance that Dr. Abel, after whom the genus was named, discovered his plant on the same mountains, about a hundred miles to the north-west of the spot where the *Abelia uniflora* was found. He was then on his way with the embassy from Peking to Canton."

In a garden at Shanghai he had another find which at first he mistook for a holly. This was *Skimmia fortunei*, producing a profusion of whitish flowers, deliciously scented, and afterwards becoming covered with bunches of red berries like our common holly. "Its glossy evergreen leaves and neat habit add greatly to its beauty, and will make it a general favourite when it becomes better known"—which is exactly what happened, for it is one of the best town evergreens we have in our gardens. In another garden to the east of Shanghai he lighted upon the yellow *Camellia anemone-flora*.

In 1852 he was deputed a second time by the East India Company for the purpose of adding to the collections already formed, and particularly of procuring some first-rate black-tea

makers for the experimental tea-farms in India. It was during his residence in China on this occasion that he discovered that handsome conifer *Pseudolarix kampfieri*, called by the Chinese the golden larch, probably from the rich yellow appearance which the ripened leaves and cones assume in the autumn. Another discovery worth noting was *Farfugium grande*, the beautiful herbaceous plant with variegated leaves, which he came across at Ningpo, as related in his "Residence among the Chinese."

But perhaps his most gratifying journey was to Japan in 1860, which yielded new plants literally by the dozen. The glorious *Thujaopsis dolabrata*, the male *Aucuba japonica*, the umbrella-like *Sciadopitys verticillata*, that handsome evergreen *Osmanthus aquifolius*, the queen of primroses *Primula japonica*, the fine oak *Quercus sinensis*, and above all the lovely *Lilium auratum*, gathered as it grew wild on the hillside, were among the many garden favourites discovered and sent home during this eventful expedition. Had this been Fortune's only journey, it would have been enough to immortalise him. In the course of it he took another trip to Shanghai. "The steamship *England*," he remarks in his "Yedo and Peking," "being about to return to Shanghai, I availed myself of the opportunity to go over to that port with my collections, in order to ship them for England, there being as yet no means of sending them direct from Japan. Mr. Veitch had also put his plants on board the same vessel, so that the whole of the poop was lined with glass cases crammed full of the natural productions of Japan. Never before had such an interesting and valuable collection of plants occupied the deck of any vessel, and most devoutly did we hope that our beloved plants might be favoured with fair winds and smooth seas, and with as little salt water as possible"—which fortunately they were.

Some of the things he met with in Japan were really wonderful. For instance, he saw a specimen of *Wistaria sinensis* which measured, at three feet from the ground, seven feet in circumference, and covered a space of trellis-work sixty feet by one hundred and two feet. One of the racemes of bloom he measured was forty-two inches in length. The thousands of long, drooping, lilac racemes had a most extraordinary appearance. People came from far and near to see the tree during the time it remained in bloom; and, as it was in the garden of a public tea-house, it brought an extensive custom to the proprietor.

In his description of the Japanese flora he becomes enthusiastic.

"All countries," he says, "are beautiful in spring, but Japan is pre-eminently so. The trees were clothed with leaves of the freshest green, and many of the early-flowering kinds were in full blossom. The double-blossomed cherry-trees and flowering peaches were most beautiful objects, loaded as they now were with flowers as large as little roses. Camellias, forming goodly-sized trees, were common in the woods, and early azaleas adorned the hillsides with flowers of many hues. Here the *Azalea obtusa* with flowers of the most dazzling red was peculiarly at home. *Cydonia*

japonica (otherwise *Pyrus acanthus*) was seen in a wild state creeping amongst the grass and covered with red blossoms; violets, often scentless, covered every bank; and several varieties of primrose were met with under trees in the shady woods."

A delightful task it must have been to wander amid such a wealth of loveliness, and pick and choose that which he thought would be appreciated at home; but it is difficult to give an idea of his work without becoming a mere cataloguer of systematic names. It is almost safe to say that there is not a cottage garden in England of any size which has not in it something which was introduced by him.

We have mentioned a few of his captures, and there were scores of others. The winter jasmine (*Jasminum nudiflorum*), whose bright yellow blooms adorn its leafless stems in January, was his; so were the variegated, Japanese honeysuckle, the variegated oleaster and the variegated kerria. To him we owe the golden bell (*Forsythia*), the Chusan or pomponé chrysanthemum, the double bindweed (*Calystegia pubescens*), many now common species of pæony, azalea, berberis, clematis, euonymus, and a hundred others. There is no man who left a broader mark on English gardening than Robert Fortune.

W. J. GORDON.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

IT is a significant peculiarity of the present century that of every prominent man or woman a biography is written. Probably there is no form of literature more attractive, although of course, like all good gifts, the difficult art of the biographer may be abused. We say "difficult art," since there is no literary work that needs finer qualities of head and heart, and the "Lives" that deserve to be classed among our standard works are rare indeed. Readers of the modest volume recently published, in which a daughter records the memories of a distinguished father,¹ are not likely to ask whether the book will have a lasting interest. It will suffice that there is enough in its pages to attract the present generation.

Francis Turner Palgrave, the son of a well-known historian, had the good fortune to enjoy the friendship or acquaintance of men who have helped to mould English life during the last fifty years. A scholar, a poet, a man of varied knowledge, of refined taste and of warm affections, Mr. Palgrave gained the love he needed and the honour he deserved. Happy in all his family relations, he was the intimate and life-long associate of Tennyson, the friend of Gladstone and Browning, of Matthew Arnold and Cardinal Newman, of the Archbishop of Canterbury and Dean Boyle, of Stanley, Jowett, and the late Lord Houghton, and knew with more or less familiarity almost everyone of mark among politicians and men of letters.

Every reader who enjoys English poetry will appreciate the good service Mr. Palgrave has rendered by his anthologies. His "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics" is a book beloved by all who delight to wander in the "Realms of Gold" ruled over by our poets, and his invaluable "Treasury of Sacred Song" will not

only charm readers of high culture, but is the companion of many whose admiration of poetry for poetry's sake is without much knowledge or fervour. That book, indeed, would suffice of itself to upset the verdict of Dr. Johnson—that "contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and the human soul, cannot be poetical."

Probably no man led a life more in harmony with his taste than Francis Palgrave. He detested London indeed, although living in a beautiful part of it, but was able to spend much time and all his happiest days in a lovely country home; he was a student as well as a warm lover of poetry, and had the pleasure of being elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford; he was a man of strong affections, and in all the relations of life his love was amply returned; he delighted in foreign travel, and Italy must have been almost as familiar to him as England. As a man of letters he had the joy of knowing that his labours were fruitful; and when old age came, if it brought sorrows and losses, as it always must, there remained the "honour, love, obedience," and "troops of friends" which make that time of life beautiful. After the death of a dear friend, Lamb said, "I have no one to call me 'Charles' now," and it is a remarkable and pleasant indication of character that in old age, as well as in early manhood, Mr. Palgrave's correspondents frequently addressed him as "Francis" or "Frank."

It is not the object of this paper to point out the merits or defects of a volume which has already received its due measure of criticism, but it will be interesting to select some passages from it indicative of Mr. Palgrave's associations and literary judgments. There is a charming glimpse of a visit to Hatfield, where in his hosts he found that "highest of all principles, unthoughtfulness of self." Then we read of a visit

¹ "Francis Turner Palgrave. His Journals, and Memories of his Life." By Gwenllian F. Palgrave (Longmans), 1899.

to Hawarden, when Mr. Gladstone "had much talk on religious aspects of the time, philosophy, poetry, etc. He read Johnson's epitaph on Thrale with great praise. I hardly remember a more interesting evening, nor a more profound impression given by any man—variety, strange subtlety with strange simplicity, insight and vital energy—in a word, genius and greatness of nature. . . . Life at Hawarden comes nearer Wordsworth's 'plain living and high thinking' than anything I have ever seen." Of another visit he writes that "Mr. Gladstone shone in his most fascinating manner, and we discussed Scott, placed by him, as by me, next to Shakespeare in our inventive literature." "'The Bride of Lammermoor,'" he writes, "seems to me to stand above all other novels, like a play by Shakespeare above all other plays. Indeed, in astonishing truthfulness and variety in creation of character, in power and pathos, I cannot see how this, at least, is inferior to Shakespeare." Mr. Gladstone also, we are told, ranked the "Bride" first in the splendid series of the Waverleys, and put "Kenilworth" next. Mr. Palgrave's love of Scott as poet and novelist is said to have grown stronger and stronger, and we read with interest of Cardinal Newman's confession at the age of 87 that Sir Walter had been his favourite poet. Tennyson thought Scott's lyric the "Maid of Neidpath" almost too pathetic for poetry; but may not the same be said of his own poem "In the Children's Hospital"?—which it is difficult to read aloud. After reading and praising the amazing power of "The Ring and the Book," Mr. Palgrave adds, "What I do not find are charm and delicacy. Tennyson seems to me ten times the greater poet, and ten times the wider and deeper thinker. But Browning's individuality is, of course, his own."

In writing to her brother Mr. Palgrave does full justice to Christina Rossetti's noble character and to "her great and original power in poetry;" yet while Keble contributes more than forty poems and Newman two-and-thirty to the "Treasury of Sacred Song," Miss Rossetti, who as a sacred poet stands nearly, if not quite, in the highest place, is represented only by four. The editor, by the way, could not, of course, insert any of his own verses, but our readers may be reminded that of hymns written for children one of the simplest and most beautiful is from Mr. Palgrave's pen.

When in London—"horrid London"—helived in the very heart of intellectual society. In his diary such passages as the following frequently appear:

"March 20, 1877.—Dined with the Tennysons in Upper Wimpole Street. Met Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Joachim, Browning, and Lord Monteaule. I had a good deal of talk with the Lord of the Violin, who seems a man of much taste in literature, and wholly untouched and unspoiled by his great fame."

It is interesting to read several years later that Lord Tennyson "emphatically repeated his constant estimate of Wordsworth as the greatest of our poets in this century." Tennyson, Mr. Palgrave writes, "was, taken all in all, the best talker I have ever known"—which, if we remember rightly, was the opinion of the poet's old friend Fitzgerald—and he thought, assuredly with justice, that his place among the poets would be in the next generation very near Wordsworth. In the poems of Charles Tennyson Turner, the Laureate's brother, Palgrave found "a permanent source of delight," and it is almost needless to say that he rejoiced in Jane Austen's "masterpieces." When his children had the "mumps," he read these tales aloud, and found them "excellent tonics." How dearly he loved his children may be seen by the following extract from the diary:

"By early train to London. Returned home to find my two little ones awaiting me, sitting up in their red dressing-gowns in bed. They are still mere baby children, begging for rides on my back, earthquakes on my knees, and kisses, and bidding me a 'Good-night, sweetheart,' when I go to the nursery at night."

With regard to education, his daughter observes that he considered some knowledge of Greek and Latin as needful for girls as boys; but "the schoolroom was a far less agreeable room to him than the nursery, and he always maintained—to the horror of the schoolroom's presiding genius—that holidays should be the rule and lessons the exception, invariably hoping that mother-wit, general reading, and travelling might in after years supply all deficiencies."

With the following wise judgment, which—to our thinking, unwisely—the writer afterwards reversed, we must close these desultory notes of a very interesting volume:

"No man is so immortal that the world cannot afford to lose some drops of him. I hardly know a crueller thing to genius—especially genius like Shelley's—than, when he is dead and defenceless, to overwhelm his memory with his rejected or careless pieces. Every weak thing in a book, I sometimes think, is like the weak place in a beam—that by which its durability is ultimately measured."

J. D.

Second Thoughts on Books and Men.

Aurora
Leigh.

The recent publication of Mrs. Browning's "Letters" in some degree recalled public attention to her poetic novel "Aurora Leigh." It is not a little remarkable that so noteworthy a work should have become comparatively unfamiliar to the general reader—the more so as its penetrating and impassioned philosophy is concerned with the problems at present most insistent in their demand for some solution. Pregnant, too, are its pages with warning against the very rocks on which we every day see lives, freighted with most precious cargoes, making shipwreck. It seems almost as if, in our feverish desire for making practical headway, we had forgotten to study the science of soul-steering. Provided that the ship of our existence be in motion, we have become almost indifferent as to the port she is "making." In the matter of material progress, the sailor who has enough coal in his bunkers can now afford to be indifferent to the winds of heaven. But it is not so in soul-advance. Never can we be independent of those spirit-winds on which the direction of our lives depends.

The indications "Aurora Leigh" gives of lines on which we may find true life-guidance are many; we may note but a few.

As of old, the world is still divided between Aristotelians and Platonists; between those who find in tangible and visible advancement the highest good, and those who hold that only in ideal regions lies the perfectibility of man. The curious anomaly of most recent thinking is that the lovers of the useful now claim Christianity as being wholly with them! To feed the hungry, ameliorate the condition of the sick, throw wide the prison doors to the captive—these are recognised as objects worthy of a life-devotion in men who have drunk in the spirit of the Master. To offer food to the spiritually hungry, to find means of ministry to minds diseased, to break the fetters from the bond-slaves of evil habits—these obligations are at times in danger of being lost sight of. Indeed, the Platonists have now, in order to hold their own, to wage a battle almost as severe as that of Aurora's contest with Romney.

Until we can discriminate more truly that most mysterious relation held by matter with spirit, the conflict is bound to continue. It will save some of us, however, from being mortally wounded in the fight, if we grow familiar with the uses of the weapons, offensive and defensive, indicated in the story we are studying.

"May I take leisure to develop myself along ideal lines?" or "Must I plunge at once into the *mêlée* where humanity is at war with social

evil?" is the practical form oftenest taken by our perplexity.

In "Aurora Leigh" Romney answers the latter question in the affirmative; Aurora pleads her right to take the former course.

Both, be it observed, are unselfish in their attitude. There is no question here of a "Palace of Art" in which the soul shall sit at ease, holding itself aloof from the ordinary interests and cares of humanity. To heap up treasures—literary, artistic, or affectional—for oneself is root of all wrong. About that there can be no dispute. Selfishness is death.

But is devotion to the interests of Art selfishness, as contrasted with labour for the practical amelioration of the ills that flesh is heir to? This is the crux of the position. What is the useful, and how far is the following of individual proclivities consistent with a whole-hearted devotion to the service of humanity?

Aurora Leigh was not a Dorcas making garments for the poor. She was only a poetess weaving raiment to cover the soul's nakedness. Therefore, said Romney, in effect, "Give up your world of dream-visions beautiful, and range yourself by me in working at more solid substantialities. The deliverer must come before the dreamer, the soldier before the singer."

"Who has time,
An hour's time, think! to sit upon a bank,
And hear the cymbal tinkle in white hands?
When Egypt's slain, I say, let Miriam sing.
Before—where's Moses?"

Very obvious is the reply to this. But for the dreamer, where had been the deliverer? It was the forty years' desert solitude that doubtless nurtured the desires that made Moses fit to receive the call to action.

Thus in the world's wide *oikonomia*—or household law—is vindicated the place of the thinker, the "maker," the seer. Not theirs may it be to feed men's mortal bodies, nor to lead them out of a material serfdom. But to open the eyes to heavenly visitations, to deliver from the slavery of the transient, the visible—this is no mean mission. Without it, indeed, all other benedictions are vain. Even were this earth to become outwardly an Eden,

"What then,
Unless the artist keep up open roads
Betwixt the seen and unseen, bursting through
The best of your conventions with his best,
The speakable, imaginable best
God bids him speak, to prove what lies beyond
Both speech and imagination."

C. E. L.

FIGURE-HEADS OF THE ROYAL NAVY.

FIGURE-HEADS belong to a past age—to the age of wooden walls and sails, before that to the periods of war galleys and cockle-shell boats. The navy vessels of to-day are so ugly, and such mere boxes of machinery, that there is no room for sentiment, though in their interiors our modern warships are far more comfortable and are much better fitted than were the old wooden giants of the past. Everything possible is now done to render life on board not merely endurable, but pleasant. In place of smelly oil lamps there is the electric light, an elaborate ventilating system prevents the cabins and decks becoming stuffy, and on the newer warships refrigerators provide fresh viands in place of the stale salted diet. Some modern battleships are quite palatial in their adornment, but it is all in the interior, not on the exterior as of yore. Viewed from without



"PRINCE ALBERT."



"BLACK PRINCE."

nothing could excel the vessels of our navy in their absolutely ugly, heavy, and business-like appearance.

In the past sailors took a pride in the figure-heads of their ships, as every reader of Captain Marryat's novels knows. The figure-head has now, however, given place to the ram—one of the most ghastly, and withal clumsy, weapons in existence, dangerous to the attacker as well as to the attacked. What rollicking blue-jacket can be expected to take any pride in a huge, uncomely, sharp-pointed block of steel, weighing about thirty tons, such as is fitted on the bows of each of the battleships of the *Majestic* class. One might much more readily expect a hen to take a motherly pride in a china egg. There is no sentiment about a ram such as clings round the gorgeously coloured and beautifully carved figure-heads of the past. Rams are, or may be, useful; and having said this, all that can be has been said in their praise. No one in the future will desire to

preserve them with tender care when their careers are finished, as the old figure-heads of the wooden walls of England are preserved at the Royal Dockyards—carefully dusted and re-painted by crowds of tourists who are daily piloted round the yards.

Ever since men first went down to the sea in ships they have carved images, and put them at the prows of their vessels to give them a semblance of personality. At one time they were emblems of deity, so it will be seen that the custom is a heathen one. Far back, when those great navigators the Phœnicians, and afterwards the Greeks, visited Cornwall, we can picture their little tub-like ships with carved representations of their protecting gods at their bows. Castor and Pollux, who are said to have so pleased Jupiter that he placed them both in the heavens among the stars, were frequent emblems, and there they are to this day, which, of course, proves the story. Other nations had a similar belief in figure-heads:

the Egyptians carved a ram's head or a lotus; the Romans the head of a lion, ram or dragon; and the old Vikings pinned their faith to the figures of dragons, eagles, dolphins, or bulls. In most instances the idea was carried out with scrupulous care, the sterns of the ships being carved to represent the tails, or hind parts, of the figures. Round the sides were hung

the brilliant shields of the warriors, while love of colour led to the painting of the sails. Even these early ships had an incipient ram. Perched high at the prow of the ancient war galleys was the figure-head, but beneath, projecting some distance forward, was the cruel beak, consisting of a stout piece of wood with a sharp point, or several points, provided with a coating of iron with which to pierce and sink any enemy it was possible to approach.

Until comparatively recent years warships were most elaborately decorated from bow to stern. In the Norman period the king's ships had beautiful sails, sometimes of purple



"TAMAR."



"RALEIGH."



"TOPAZ."



"BLENHEIM."

with gold embroidery and other emblazonment. One of the most authentic and interesting records of any British ship is that of our first



"PRINCESS ALICE."

three-decker, the *Sovereign of the Seas* of King Charles's time. Her sides were carved with trophies of artillery and types of honour, and other curious and heraldic devices, bravely gilded and relieved with black. "Upon the beak-head," an old chronicler states, "sitteth King Edgar on horseback, trampling on seven kings;" there was also at the bows a Cupid bridling a lion, and at the stern a carved figure of Victory. The adornments of this old three-decker were of the most elaborate description. This desire for ornate decoration was one of the most striking characteristics of the navy in the Stuart period. Ships were carved and gilded with a pretty fancy, and one author of the middle of the seventeenth century affirms that "The charge of carving and painting that is needless unto the navy" could be computed "at the twentieth part of the charge of the hulls of ships of the navy." This extravagance was to some extent swept away at the time of the Revolution, and the practice of placing only one figure-head on the stem, or bow, became established some years later. Warships of the first rate had elaborately adorned equestrian statues of the ruling monarch, while a lion rampant or argent became the badge of some

smaller ships, and others had full-length figures of Mercury, Neptune, or other Classic gods. The lion at this period was, however, the favourite figure-head, and remained so until the end of the eighteenth century. Early in this century an official order was issued declaring that the lion figure-head was to be recognised as the emblem of the navy, except, of course, where an effigy of the monarch, or other great personage, was borne at the prow. The familiar red or gilded lion was for many years the emblem borne by most of the ships of the British fleet, until the more modern mode of placing at the bow a figure representing the name of the ship became the fashion. Captains lavished on these effigies the brightest colours. But Nelson led a crusade against this pride in elaborate decoration, and hence it happens that most of the figure-heads that are to be found among the relics at the dockyards are comparatively plain.

Sixty years ago there was at the Devonport Yard a most interesting collection of figure-heads of famous ships of the days of the wooden walls—ships that served under the great sea captains of Nelson's day. The arsenal was, however, devastated in the autumn of 1840 by a fire, which not only destroyed many portions of the yard, the 74-gun ship *Talavera* and the *Imogene* of 28 guns, but reduced to cinders a long building near the water's edge, known as the Adelaide Gallery, in which was stored a priceless collection of figure-heads. Twenty years later, with the



"SATELLITE."

"AJAX."

"HORATIO."

introduction of ironclad vessels into the navy, the practice of placing great figures at the prow of vessels was discontinued. Since then the old appointments of carvers have been vacant, but there is preserved an interesting



"SYBILLE."

work by the Dickersons, father and son, who were the last to hold the appointments of carvers at Devonport Dockyard. This relic is the figure-head of the early ironclad line-of-battle ship *Prince Albert*, which was completed in 1864. The Prince Consort had been dead three years, and as this new man-of-war was a notable ship, it was decided to name it after the lamented Prince. The Dickersons accordingly carved the profile of the Prince Consort on the shield, and an excellent likeness it was. The figure-head of Princess Alice, which formerly adorned a tender to the Queen's yacht, is the only other royal emblem in the Devonport collection. These figure-heads and many others are ranged round the fire-engine house near the main entrance of the dockyard—huddled together, with little attempt at arrangement, as though they were lumber that former officials wanted out of the way and yet hardly liked to go to the length of burning.

They are no longer, however, regarded in this light, and if opportunity offers it may be hoped that they will be more adequately displayed in a better building.

Of these relics there are few more interesting than a portion of the maimed figure-head of H.M.S. *Serpent*, the unfortunate twin screw cruiser of 6 guns which was launched eleven years ago at Devonport, and was wrecked on November 11, 1890, on the north-west coast of Spain. Of her entire crew of 176 officers and men, only three survived to bring home this fragment of the headpiece of their ill-fated vessel, consisting of an Indian snake-charmer. The figure-heads of the 74-gun ship *Blenheim* and the *Ajax* of 64 guns, which were fought under Admiral Dundas in the Baltic in 1854-5, are among the most imposing; they are both huge busts about eight feet high, and gorgeously painted. The *Blenheim* figure-head is, of course, a representation of the great Marlborough. Near by are the *Raleigh* and the full-bearded bust of a river god that once adorned the old troopship *Tamar*. Larger than either of these is the original headpiece of the *Black Prince*, one



"WILLIAM III."

of the very earliest ironclads built in this country. From being the pride of all patriotic men, this ship has descended to the classification of a cruiser, and now acts as a training ship for boys at Queenstown. The gigantic figure of

the Black Prince, complete in every detail, cap-à-pie—the head protected by mail and surmounted by a crown, and the right hand in the act of wielding a heavy battle-axe—is a most effective product of the carver's art,



"INDUS."

supplemented by the paint-brush, for the figure has been carefully decorated in white and gold. It is the most ornate of these relics of England's old warships.

Compared with such a giant, the bust of Nelson that was once carried by the *Nile*, of 92 guns, looks extremely insignificant. The most prominent feature of this headpiece is the famous blind eye of the great admiral, whose head is surmounted by a most artificial wreath of laurel leaves that look as wooden as they really are. The *Nile*, it may be added, has since been renamed the *Conway*, and is now acting as a training-ship for mercantile cadets at Liverpool. This is the only Nelson figure-head at Devonport.

The headpiece of the old frigate *Fox*, commodore's flagship during the Burmese war, is a heavy attempt at a joke. It consists of the bust of the statesman of that name, wearing a huntsman's cap, while on the breast is a

picture of a hunting scene—riders and hounds in full chase after Reynard. A more interesting figure-head (at least, to naval officers) is that of the *Prince George of Wales* of 1813, which was subsequently renamed *Britannia*, and was the predecessor of the present training-ship for naval cadets at Dartmouth. This old 60-gun ship was broken up in 1865. Two other noticeable figure-heads at Devonport are those of the 120-gun ships *Royal William* and *St. George*. The latter is near the main gate. The former is familiar to every visitor to Devonport. It consists of a statue of William IV, the son of the founder of the dockyard, and to this day it dominates King William's Jetty, and is one of the most conspicuous objects on the seafront of the yard. Everyone who knows the lovely windings of the river Tamar is acquainted with this ancient relic, which has stood on the jetty in wind and rain for so many years.

All these figure-heads are ghosts of the past. Their disappearance is only one of the many



"ST. GEORGE."

changes in warship construction that have occurred during the past thirty years. The bow of a ship in these days has a scroll, as a rule, and that is all the ornamentation that is permitted, and our modern sailors can hardly understand the pride and almost veneration with which these headpieces were once re-

garded. It was sufficient to fire a crew to an almost superhuman effort of smartness or daring for a captain to threaten to paint the figure-head black. Now no sailor has any sentiment of this kind, for the very good reason that his ship usually has no figure-head. They are unfamiliar objects to man and beast. Recently when the *Indus*, a rotten old wooden

ing down and somewhat seriously injuring a workman in his course. Now this statue has a less prominent place, but several figures still occupy positions where they are likely to unnerve the timid. Perhaps little objection can be taken to the gracefully-carved Sybille near the dockyard surgery, but the great figures of St. George and Guillaume Tell (the

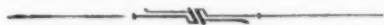


"MARS."

ship, was broken up, her head-piece, an awe-inspiring figure of a Hindu, was rescued and set up near a roadway in the dockyard. The sight of such a relic of the past was, however, too much for the nerves of one of the dumb driven horses that frequent the yard. The animal eyed it with suspicion, and then, coming to the conclusion that visions were about, bolted helter-skelter along the roadway, knock-

latter ship was taken from the French off Malta nearly one hundred years ago), which have been erected near the main gate of the dockyard, are anything but pacific in their appearance. If, in these days of nervous tension, even horses are becoming timid and fearsome, it is impossible to say what sad fate may not await the figure-heads which still adorn the roadways of several of the royal dockyards.

ARCHIBALD S. HURD.



NEW LIGHTS ON THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

THE AMERICAN DIFFICULTY.

MOST of us know the story of the stern paterfamilias who was wont to lecture his wife and daughters for talking gossip. One day, to their great delight, they found him engaged in this fascinating occupation himself, and of course pointed out his inconsistency. "My dears," was the retort, "this shows how little you understand these matters; it was not gossip I was discussing, but local biography."

An admirable distinction doubtless, but where exactly does it come in? Where are we to fix the dividing-line between gossip and biography, the irresponsible chatter of the drawing-room and the serious conclusions of the study? It is especially puzzling just now, because so many of our old landmarks have been removed. Servants and babies—these were the topics that engaged the mind of the old-fashioned housewife, to the ill-concealed contempt of the great minds of the other sex. Tommy's wonderful sayings, Sarah Jane's preposterous doings, what happy laughter and what uplifting of hands have they not caused in the intimate domestic circle! But now things have changed. Tommy is promoted. He engages the attention of serious professors and invades the columns of educational periodicals. His drawings are reproduced to an admiring public, his sayings are labelled and docketed; he has become the basis of a new science—the science of Child-Study. Poor Tommy! some of us liked him quite as well in his unregenerate state. Still, it is not with him we are now concerned.

Undoubtedly Mary Jane is a less fascinating subject, and she has waited longer for her promotion. This is a pity, for while the infinite variety of child-life must continue a joy for ever, whether regarded from the old or the new standpoint, the servant question is not a joy, but a thorn in the flesh to many. We therefore owe a debt of gratitude to anyone who will examine into the conditions involved, so as to enable us to put our finger on the causes of the present discontent, and on this basis consider the possible remedies.

However grievous the "servant problem" may be in some English households, it sinks into insignificance when compared with the conditions on the other side of the Atlantic, and it is not surprising therefore that the first consideration of the question should come to us from the United States. Domestic service has found its sociological historian in the person of Miss Lucy Salmon, Professor of History at Vassar College, U.S.A., and well known both here and in America for her

admirable historical research work. Her book on Domestic Service is a serious attempt to deal with what she considers a serious problem; it is based on statistics which it has taken her nine years to collect and arrange, and at once removes the question from the vague realms of personal experience or hearsay among which it has lingered so long.

Her method of procedure was this. In the years 1889 and 1890 Miss Salmon prepared and distributed a series of forms. One was for employers and one for employees—the terms she substitutes for plain mistress and servant. The third asked for miscellaneous information in regard to the Women's Exchanges—a peculiarly American Institution—the teaching of household employments, etc. These forms were submitted for criticism to several gentlemen prominent in statistical investigations, and, after revision, 5,000 sets were distributed. These were sent out partly to private persons by old students of Vassar College, partly to members of different associations who might be expected to take an interest in such inquiries, and to the various women's clubs. Of the first set, 1,025 forms were returned filled up; of the second, only 719; of the third, naturally of a more limited scope, 200. Replies came from 37 out of the 45 States.

The employer's circular asked questions as to the total number of servants employed, the number of persons in the family, special privileges granted to servants, wages, etc., and lastly asked these three significant questions:

"Have you found it difficult to obtain good domestic servants?

What explanation of the difficulty can you give?

How do you think the difficulty can be lessened or removed?"

Corresponding questions were put to the employees, with these three in conclusion:

"Why do you choose housework as your regular employment?

What reasons can you give why more women do not choose housework as a regular employment?

Would you give up housework if you could find another occupation that would pay you as well?"

The third form dealt chiefly with domestic instruction given in schools, etc., the most interesting question being:

"Please give below instances with which you are acquainted of:

1. Women's Exchanges.
2. Co-operative housekeeping.
3. Food prepared at home for sale outside.
4. Housework, not including ordinary day labour or sewing, done by persons other than regular servants."

The returns received were sent to the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labour, where they were collated under the special direction of the chief clerk and classified in a variety of ways.

With these statistics before her, the authoress proceeds to her deductions. Theoretically, is domestic service under present conditions a desirable occupation? If not, why not? That is, in brief, the problem to be solved. But in order to make the investigation of real value the past must be considered as well as the present, for unless we know something of the origin of an evil our chances of cure are not considerable. Therefore the historical treatment must run side by side with the statistical.

Of this it may be said that part applies to all civilised countries, but the greater proportion to the United States only. To the former category belong the changes induced by the transference of such occupations as spinning, weaving, upholstery, tailoring, soap and cheese making, preserving, etc., from the home to the factory. "The change from individual to collective enterprises, from the domestic to the factory system, has released a vast amount of labour formerly done within the house by women." "This revolutionising of manufacturing processes caused a shifting of all forms of household labour." The division of labour here is but partially accomplished, and out of this fact arises a part of the friction that is found in household service, for the profession of domestic service is not yet fully organised.

In other respects the history of service in the United States is probably unique. It has passed through three distinct periods—the first extending from the early colonisation to the time of the Revolution, the second from the Revolution to about 1850, and the third covering this last half-century. During the colonial period all domestic service was performed by five classes of persons. In the first place there were the white servants, who were either convicts, "redemptioners," or "free-willers." The convicts were transported from England for their country's good; the redemptioners were brought out free, but sold themselves into service for five years to repay the cost of their passage; the free-willers were taken out on condition of being allowed a certain number of days in which to dispose of themselves to the best advantage. While much service in America was thus recruited from the lowest dregs of the population, the rest was performed by Indians and negro slaves. Even the whites were little better than slaves, since they could not break through their indentures, and the good old days when servants could not give warning whenever they liked must sound like a sort of paradise to many a modern housekeeper. After all, what do we find? Even then mistresses were not happy. The service received from indented servants was, as a rule, what might be expected from the class that came to America in that capacity. Here is a typical tale of woe from a letter

written by Mrs. Mary Winthrop Dudley to her mother in 1636:

"I thought it convenient to acquaint you and my father what a great affliction I have met withal by my maide servant, and how I am like through God his mercy to be freed from it; at her first coming me she carried her selfe dutifully as became a servant; but since through mine and my husband's forbearance towards her for small faults, she hath got such a head and is growen soe insolent that her carriage towards us, especially myself, is unsufferable. If I bid her doe a thing shee will bid me to doe it myselfe, and she sayes how shee can give content as well as any servant but shee will not, and sayes if I love not quietnes I was never so fitted in my life, for she would make mee have enough of it. If I should write to you of all the reviling speeches and filthie language shee hath used towards me I should but grieve you."

Whether good or bad, the white servants generally served only for a short time. Land was cheap and plentiful, and when their time was up they too became colonists, so that it grew more and more necessary to fall back for help upon Indians and negroes. As for the Indians, here is a sample. The Rev. Peter Thatcher of Barnstable records in his diary in 1679:

"I bought an Indian of Mr. Checkley and was to pay £5 a month after I received her and £5 more in a quarter of a year." A week later he writes: "Came home and found my Indian girl had liked to have knocked my Theodora on the head by letting her fall, whereupon I took a good walnut stick and beat the Indian to purpose till she promised to do so no more."

Here one is inclined to think there was not much to choose between master and servant. Negro service in the form of free labour of course continues to the present day, and, though the competition between white and coloured service considerably complicates the domestic problem, there is little doubt that the black element also supplies the chief alleviation known to the sorely tried American mistress.

All things considered, those colonial times were not happy ones for either masters or servants.

"Service was difficult to obtain, and unsatisfactory when secured. Servants complained of hard work and ill-treatment, and masters of ungrateful servants and inefficient service, and both masters and servants were justified in their complaints."

Better times were to follow. After the Revolution the indented servants of the North were gradually supplanted by free labourers, while in the South negro slavery prevailed. "These free labourers were socially the equals of their employers, especially in New England and the smaller towns. They belonged by birth to the same section of the country, probably to the same community; they had the same religious belief, attended the same church, sat at the same fireside, ate at the same table, had the same associates; they were often married from the homes and buried in the family lots of their employers. They were in every sense of the word 'helps.'"

This is a most attractive picture. Slavery had given place to freedom, and the result was of necessity beneficial. Without question this

was the golden age of domestic service in America. Yet even this happy period had its drawbacks.

"The results of this democratic *régime* were the difficulty of securing help, since new avenues of independent work were opening out to women and the class of indented servants had disappeared; the lack of all differentiation in household work, since the servant conferred a favour in 'going out to work' (did she go out 'to oblige,' we wonder, like some of our modern domestics?) and did what she knew how to do without troubling to learn new kinds of work; and, most important, the subtle change that the democratic atmosphere everywhere wrought in the servants who came from Europe."

Between 1850 and 1870 occurred four events which completely changed the conditions of service in the States. These were:

1. The Irish famine and consequent emigration to America, which has continued ever since. Between 50,000 and 75,000 persons annually migrate from Ireland to the United States. Of these a large proportion, sometimes nearly half, were women who could only be classed as unskilled labourers. Their destination was naturally the factory or the household.

2. A great increase in the emigration from Germany due to the political events of 1848. Many of these emigrants were women, and, like the Irish, helped to swell the ranks of domestic servants.

3. The establishment of treaty relations with China, which, together with the discovery of gold in the West, attracted to the States large numbers of Chinese.

4. The abolition of slavery, which brought free negro labour into competition with white.

In this way Irish, Germans, Chinese, and negroes had entered the domestic labour market and lowered its status. The caste line between master and servant grew more rigid, and the work became more and more unpopular among those who could aspire to anything better. "The native-born American fears to lose social position by entering into competition with foreign labour." This is the crux of the situation in the States.

After this careful statement of history Miss Salmon proceeds to set forth her tables and explain their meaning. From the first set, dealing with native-born and foreign labour, she deduces this conclusion:

"With the exception of the sections employing coloured servants, domestic service is as a rule performed by persons of foreign birth belonging to a few well-defined classes as regards nationality, who prefer city to country life."

This last preference, no doubt, exists in England as well. Servants hate a dull place worse than a hard one, and a "genteel" suburb far removed from shops and places of entertainment is nearly always unpopular.

The next set of tables deals with wages. These show that "the wages received in domestic service are relatively, and sometimes absolutely, higher than the average wages received in other wage-earning occupations

open to women." Here follows an interesting comparison between the wages of servants and the salaries of public school teachers in sixteen representative cities. In spite of a very general impression to the contrary in this country, based no doubt on some conspicuous exceptions, teachers as a class are ill-paid in America. The average Boston cook earns absolutely more than the average city teacher in Albany, Baltimore, New Orleans, and Rochester; yet it is probably easier to find teachers at Albany than cooks in Boston. "High wages alone are not sufficient to counterbalance the inducements offered in other occupations where wages are relatively or absolutely lower, but whose special advantages are deemed more desirable." In plain words, domestic service is not popular, and no amount of argument or preaching or theorising will induce people to pursue an occupation they dislike, so long as one they like is open to them.

One reason for this dislike may be due to the fact that nowhere do individual idiosyncrasies show themselves more than in household arrangements, and it is the variety resulting from this which makes it so difficult to lay down any general laws. Here are a few samples culled from Miss Salmon's stores:

"Mrs. F. pays full wages to her inexperienced 'help,' fifteen years old, because the latter has an invalid mother dependent on her."

"Mr. G., with a family of two, prides himself on paying the highest wages in the place to his cook, second girl and coachman."

"Mrs. I. gives each of her employees a key to the side door and makes no inquiries as to the hours they keep."

"Mrs. J. gives her servants her discarded evening dresses because it keeps them in good humour."

"Mrs. K., the wife of a millionaire, burns all of her old finery, and makes it a special point to teach all of her twelve employees how to dress well and economically within the wages they receive."

"Mrs. N. assists her husband in his business six hours each day, and gives her employees full control of the house during her absence."

"Mrs. O. requires all her employees to perform their work according to minute directions laid down by herself, and is constantly present to see that these are not deviated from in the slightest degree."

From the different economic, social, and moral questions on which these and other similar statements throw light, Miss Salmon draws these conclusions:

"Wages are too often regulated by the employer's bank account, hours of service by his caprice, and moral questions by his personal convenience. . . . Yet domestic service is the only employment in which economic laws are so openly defied and all questions connected with it settled on the personal basis. . . . Before domestic service is freed from all the difficulties that attend it, there must be a more widespread recognition of the responsibility of the individual employer to those outside his own household."

"The difficulties that meet the employer of domestic labour both in America and in Europe are the difficulties that arise from the attempt to harmonize an ancient, patriarchal, industrial system with the conditions of modern life. . . . The difficulties in the path of both employer and employee will not only never be removed, but will increase until the subject of domestic service is regarded as a part of the great labour question of the day and given the same serious consideration."

The Sea-King's Castle.

I.

ROCK-ROOTED on the steep it rears,
Above the lone sea rising,
As if through Titan hands was wrought
The purpose of some exile's thought,
Some banished king's devising.

I saw it when the skies of May
O'er cliff and wave were bending,
To every flooded creek and cove
Their own pure azure lending.

With slow recoil and murmurous sigh
The sleepy tides were swinging,
They did but drench the crags, and leave
The red sea streamers clinging.

At times a fuller heave swept bare
The rock-shelf's littered edges,
Strewn with the frail white egg-shell drift
Dropped from the gannet ledges.

Round the gaunt headland's rugged brows,
Like a green scarf wound lightly
About some warrior's dinted helm,
The turf lay, sprinkled brightly

With sea-pink flowers, a broidery rare ;
And, poised on jutting boulder,
A startled sheep wide-horn'd stood out
Along the cliff's high shoulder.

Through the grey castle's crannied walls
The shrill salt winds were whistling,
The rampart stones were lichen-traced,
With thin dry grasses bristling.

This was the sea-hawk's nest ; and here
He lodged the sea-spoils taken.
Look round. The bird has flown—the nest
Is empty and forsaken.

II.

Again I saw that ruined pile ;
The wintry day was ending,
And the rain smote me as I toiled
The stairway path ascending.

From east to west the impatient Night
Stretched conqueror-wise her pinions,
Till the last isles of sunlit cloud
Lay in her dark dominions.

The restless spirit of the dead
For its wild eyrie yearning—
The Sea-King comes again ! through storm
And roaring seas returning.

HORACE G. GROSER.

Then like a giant sprang the wind
Forth from his unknown hiding ;
Before him rushed the fleecy rack,
In panic flight dividing.

The roar of his on-coming woke
Strange sounds in sky and ocean ;
The ruined stones around, beneath,
Rang to the wild commotion.

Far out the flickering points of foam,
Like elfin lights up-leaping,
Showed where across the dark sea-fields
The furious blast was sweeping.

Against the cliffs, like fugitives
Some iron door assailing,
Who hear the fell pursuer's cry,
And feel their last hope failing,

Wave after wave came racing in,
Flung up white arms, and falling
Grovelled beneath the obdurate crags
That mocked their frantic calling ;

While sudden, like a loosen'd lash,
The lissom lightning darted !
And for a moment's space it seemed
The scroll of heaven was parted.

One instant—then with sullen boom
Crashed the quick-following thunder !
The towers, the steep, gave back the din,
And every sea-cave under.

Then silence fell. But now no more
The castle stood deserted :
Weird footfalls dogged me, and grim shapes
My peering gaze diverted.

And ah ! was that the unquiet wind
Afar once more prevailing ?
It seemed the sob of anguished men,
The sound of women's wailing.

What feet upon the crumbling stairs
Are hitherward repairing,
Stumbling and slow—as those who toil,
Some heavy burden bearing ?

Hush ! let the vision pass—to-night
Enacts once more the story
Of him they brought to sleep beneath
These ramparts old and hoary.

AUSTRALIAN STORIES

BY LILIAN TURNER (SYDNEY, N.S.W.).

HOW THE LYRE-BIRD WON HIS TAIL.



THE COCKATOO THOUGHT IT
A FINE JOKE TO INQUIRE AFTER THE
HEALTH OF HIS TAIL.

HERE begins the story which tells of how the Lyre-Bird came by what is at once his glory and dear delight.

For it must not be imagined he was ever as he is to-day—the envy of every beauty-loving bird of the Bush.

The tale has been handed down for generations now, and it is written in the chronicles of the Beleck Beleck (native for Lyre-Bird) family, and is preserved proudly with them all. It has to do moreover with

that hereditary ill-humour spoken of before, which exists between the Beleck Beleck and the Blue Wren.

Once upon a time—in the days referred to by the birds of the Bush as the Golden Age—the Lyre-Bird was just a plain, little, hard-working bird, with a stumpy tail, and many vague notions of beauty and a few ideals stored away in his small, round head.

He had been found by a Blue Wren in a half-unconscious condition, under a little heap of leaves. He was quite unable to give any clear account of himself, but believed he had come down in a rain-shower from the clouds.

The Wren, with an eye to the future, took him home.

And, in spite of all his dreams and strivings, that was the only home the Lyre-Bird could ever remember.

It was an ugly place. A great, tall gum-tree, with but few leaves upon it, and white, long arms stretching skywards. Down the trunk the bark hung in long strips, and gave the tree a shabby look.

Still, the Wren always referred to his home as “my flat,” and looked proud.

The Lyre-Bird longed for a home in a box-tree. Sometimes it seemed to him that there, and nowhere else, could he be either good or happy. Still, he used to try.

Life had come to him in a very criss-cross fashion, and sometimes, thinking over things, his tears would drip, drip, down to the fallen leaves and the patchy grass below.

For every day the Wren grew more perverse and cantankerous, and piled a few more of his own duties upon the shoulders of the Lyre-Bird.

"After all, you're only a poor, nameless foundling," he used to say; "be thankful to do something to earn the home into which fate has thrust you."

And the Lyre-Bird used to try to be thankful.

He served as a good joke to the other tree-dwellers. The Cockatoo thought it a fine joke to inquire each morning as to the health of his tail.

And the Bell-Bird delighted in screwing up his eyes when he went round to call on the Wren, and asking, "Is that a little pile of dust that I see before me? Why, no. I do declare, it is that small inmate of your flat, O Wren. How very disconcerting, to be sure!"

But the coming of the Lyre-Bird's glory was after this wise.

One day it occurred to the Bell-Bird to give a dance.

It went very hard with his pride that the Kangaroo had been the originator of the races, and he confided to the Platypus that if only the Kangaroo had been a bird, and therefore his equal, he would have avenged himself in a duel.

As it was he could only equalise matters by indirect means.

He proposed to give a dance, and put envy thereby into the complacent mind of the Kangaroo.

He issued invitations to all of the Bush inhabitants who could come by wing, and put a footnote to state that no admittance would be granted to mere pedestrians.

The scene of the festivity was upon a small and very

beautiful plain, through which meandered a blue, blue stream, shaded here and there by clumps of wattles.

One of the wattle groves was made into a refreshment saloon, and a family of Magpies were busy there for a whole day before the dance.

Another grove, full of shady places and unexpected nooks, was looked upon with favour by a Laughing Jackass.

"We can't dance all the time," he said, "and talk is a very beautiful institution."

The Lyre-Bird was the only bird of the Bush not invited, and his feelings were deeply wounded. He sat alone in the gum-tree flat, and moped and looked miserable. He felt he would never, never be the equal of all the other gay songsters, and he wished wildly he had been left alone in his leafy grave.

Look where he would, there seemed no particular path for him in life; no one wanted him. He was ugly and insignificant. Even the Lizard had turned up his nose at him that very morning.

A little gurgle of self-pity shook him, then he threw back his head and tried to look unconcerned; for the Wren had just returned and was prinking away and arranging his feathers energetically.

"If you were anything like," he said surlily, "you would come and help me to get some of this dust out. I went over the Yaroo Mountains this morning, and a great wind was there. Go gently."

While the Lyre-Bird was assisting in these operations, and struggling to be cheerful, a Paraquet arrived in a great worry.

"A great misfortune has befallen us," he said, and he scratched his head and blustered a good deal. "That base-minded Kangaroo has captured the Bell-Bird—and whatever shall we do? How can there be dancing and no piping? I myself would be glad to sing, but I have no idea of time. How——?"

The Wren looked alarmed.

"Alas! O Paraquet," he said, "how gladly would I come to the rescue! An unfortunate accident prevents me. This morning on the height of Yaroo Mountains I was caught in a heavy hailstorm and got my feet wet. My throat is now so sore I can hardly speak."

All at once he caught sight of the Lyre-Bird. "I have, my dear sir," he continued, addressing the Paraquet, "a young person under my roof whom I shall be pleased to offer you—a poor creature, of no attractions and but little worth. Still, he can pipe a trifle, and knows common time. He shall follow you at once."

The Lyre-Bird was very shy, being at the self-conscious age. When he saw the noble company to whom he had to sing, a thrill of apprehension ran down his back.

It is mournfully true, too, that he needed a great deal of persuading and threatening before he would sing.

But at last he was seated in a



"NOW LOOK BEHIND YOU!" SAID THE GAVEST, SWEETEST ELF ASTIR.

corner alone, behind a great bank of flannel flowers and lady's fingers.

The Brush Turkey, who was Master of Ceremonies, told him that the first dance would be a waltz. He hung his head, and it seemed to him that the mere opening of his beak would choke him.

Gradually he gained enough nerve to look around him. Over, on a green velvet carpet, he could see a Bower-Bird flirting with a gallant Paraquet, a Blue Mountain Parrot, and a nervous-looking Whip-Bird. She was twirling a programme—made from a sarsaparilla leaf—about coquettishly, and telling them all she did not mean to dance. Further behind was a Kukuburra and a Magpie, all ready to begin, and looking very eager. A kindlier feeling arose in the Lyre-Bird's heart—all that winged host awaiting his piping before they could be merry.

He began to sing, and at first his voice sounded nervous and tremulous, but gradually it grew clearer and truer and sweeter, and, singing, he utterly forgot he was only the poor Lyre-Bird with the stumpy tail and the aching, passionate heart. Sweet thoughts came to him, and by reason of them sometimes a quaver, very beautiful, would get into his song. Then again he would sing steadily on.

When he had finished he dropped down low behind the flowers. No one bird of all the myriads who had danced to his singing had remembered him. They were all marching round and round the enclosure now in couples, giggling and fanning themselves vigorously.

All at once the Lyre-Bird saw looking up at him, from the heart of a white flannel flower, the daintiest and tiniest elf he had ever dreamed of. Her eyes were very sad. "Thank you, Lyre-Bird," she said. "All that was very beautiful you told us."

"No one else noticed," said the Lyre-Bird, gloomily.

"But they could not have danced without you," said the Elf.

"Some one else would have sung," said the Lyre-Bird. "So long as the song is sung, what matter who sings it?"

"To me," whispered the Elf, "and to you, that one

song was the greatest matter in the universe. And no one else could have sung it, because no other heart knew it but yours. Listen to me, Lyre-Bird. Once, many centuries ago, I was shut up in the soft bed and a heavy sleep like death lay on my heart, yet never was it so heavy but that I knew I was asleep, and knew one song in the universe could waken me. To you it may seem you just did your duty in the moment it was due. But, O Lyre-Bird, how would it have been for me for ever had you shirked it?"

She balanced herself on a flower-petal, the gayest, sweetest elf astir.

"There is so much waiting for me to do," she said. "I shall be busy always. It will help a great many lives that I am awake, lighten a great many burdens, brighten a great many hearts. All this because of your song, O Lyre-Bird. Now look behind you."

The little songster turned his head. The plain, stumpy tail was his no longer. Rising up, and spreading out, was the loveliest tail in all the Australian Bush, and it was his own. In form it was just like a beautiful musical instrument called by men the Lyre, and the feathers of it were truly magnificent. No other bird in all the Bush was so beautiful as he.

He never went back to the gum-tree life; very, very rarely did he visit a tree at all. He built himself a mansion upon a ledge of rock, and to this day it belongs to the Beleck Beleck family.

And a new power came then to his voice. He found he could wail like a Cat-Bird, laugh like a Kukuburra, and howl like a native Dog. In fact, he could imitate any Bush voice he heard, and yet sing his own sweet wild song.

"Yea, power shall be given to power," whispered the laughing Elf, "and rewards to those who do their duty; and all this is given because of your sweet song and because you sang, not for your own glory, but for the good of others and for the song's sake! Farewell."

And in all the Bush there is to this day no more beautiful nor beloved bird than the Beleck Beleck, who is also called the Lyre-Bird.

My Nancy.

THREE years since, in dainty guise,
Flash'd upon my wondering eyes,
Like a vision from the skies,
My Nancy.

Full of life and mirth is she,
Graver maids I often see,
But not one with heart so free
As Nancy.

Three long years have pass'd, I say,
Since this darling cross'd my way,
And I loved her from that day,
My Nancy.

What that lover's bliss will be
I may dream, but shall not see,
For I'm old—and she's but three,
My Nancy.

Lovely as the flowers in Spring,
Light as bird upon the wing,
Gentle as the gentlest thing,
Is Nancy.

Oh! there's nothing half so sweet,
So bewild'ring and complete—
No Queen of Beauty can compete
With Nancy.

Hopes and fears alternate rise—
Love's asleep in those dear eyes—
Who will one day bid it rise
In Nancy?

J. D.

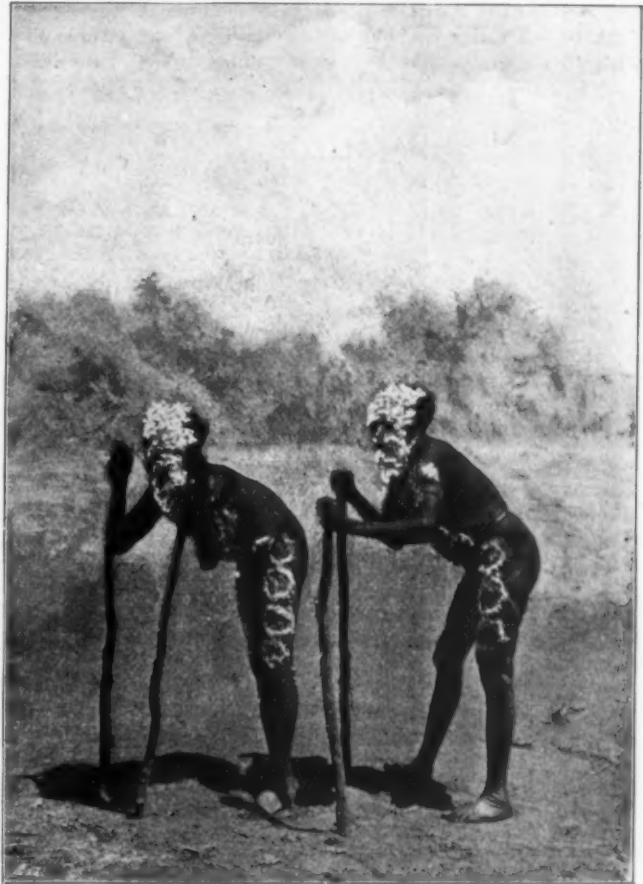
BELIEFS AND CUSTOMS OF AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

WHEN the aborigines of Australia have gone the way of those of Tasmania—and that end certainly awaits them—students of the history of mankind will be grateful to Professor Baldwin Spencer and Mr. F. J. Gillen for their detailed account of the customs and social organisation of "The Native Tribes of Central Australia" given in a volume just published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. With the spread of the white man, it can only be a matter of comparatively a few years before the natives will have lost their old customs and traditions; for,



CHIEF PERFORMER IN THE CEREMONY OF THE FROG TOTEM.

The sacred pole upon the head of the performer represents a particular tree, and the lines of down upon the helmet represent the roots of the tree.



PERFORMERS IN A CEREMONY OF THE EMU TOTEM.

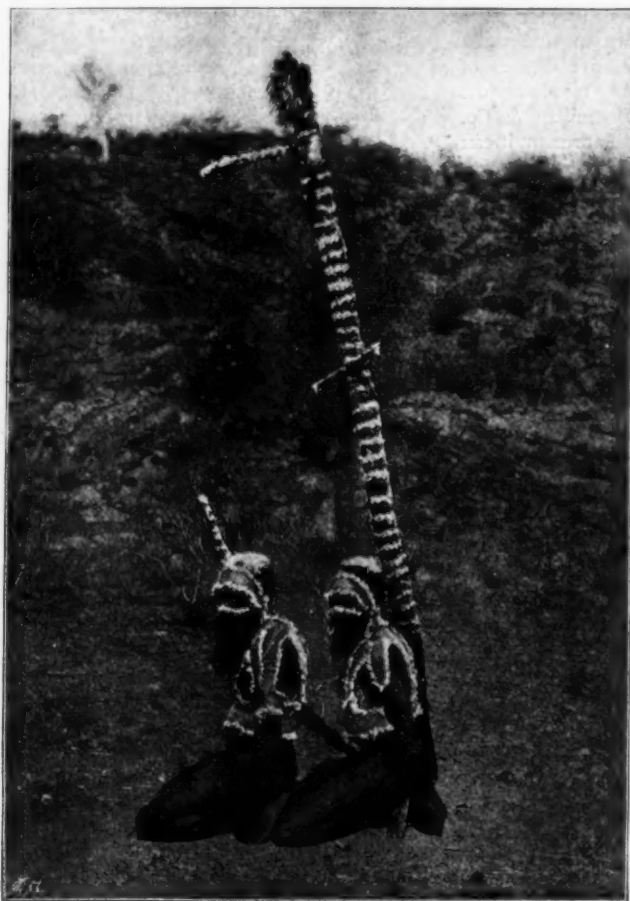
The performers are supposed to represent men who have been killed and eaten and come to life again. They are in search of their slayers. The circular patches represent skulls of eaten men.

however friendly the white settler may be to the aborigines, degeneration sets in from the moment he disturbs their natural environment. Phthisis and other diseases soon make their appearance, and after a comparatively short time all that can be done is to gather the few remnants of the tribe into some mission station, where the path to final extinction may be made as pleasant as possible. The importance of preserving the vanishing beliefs and ceremonies of the natives, in works like that which Professor Spencer and Mr. Gillen have prepared as the result of personal observation, cannot therefore be over-estimated.

A large part of the volume is concerned with the totem system by which the Central Australian tribes are divided into groups, and the association of them with certain sacred ceremonies. Referring to the totems, the authors remark: "Every individual of the tribes with which we are dealing is born into some totem—that is, he or she belongs to a group of persons each one of whom bears the name of, and is especially associated with, some

natural object. The latter is usually an animal or plant; but in addition to those of living things, there are also such totem names as wind, sun, water, or cloud—in fact, there is scarcely an object, animate or inanimate, to be found in the country occupied by the natives which does not give its name to some totemic group of individuals." The natives believe that they are the direct descendants of the animal, plant, or other object whose names they bear, and hence they consider that there is an intimate asso-

about three months, is performed at a joint meeting of the various parts of the tribe. A detailed account of these ceremonies, which form the last of the initiatory ceremonies and terminate in what may be described as ordeals by fire, is given by Professor Spencer and Mr. Gillen. Numerous examples of the remarkable dresses and decoration of the performers at these times are shown in illustrations reproduced from photographs, and several are here represented by the courtesy of the publishers.



A SPIRIT CEREMONY PERFORMED BY MEMBERS OF THE UNJIAMBA TOTEM.

The pole attached to the performer on the right is only used in sacred ceremonies, and is emblematic of the animal or plant which gives its name to the totem with which the ceremony is concerned.

ciation between an individual and his totem. Indeed, the object of ceremonies associated with the totems is to secure the increase of the animal or plant which gives its name to the totem.

All Australian natives have to pass through certain ceremonies of initiation—some of a very revolting nature—before they are admitted to the secrets of the tribe and are regarded as fully-developed members of it. Every totem has its own ceremonies, and at certain times a long series of ceremonies concerned with all the totems, and extending over a period of

The white patches and stripes on the men in the illustrations consist of down affixed to the skin by means of blood. The blood is obtained by cutting a vein in the arm, and is smeared over the place where the down is to be fixed. On congealing, the blood forms an excellent adhesive material. The curious erections on the heads of some of the performers are sacred objects called Churinga, which are preserved with great care by the natives, and the loss of which is regarded as the greatest evil than can befall a group. The Churinga are all associated with the totems, and

are only seen upon very rare occasions; after they have been used they are hidden away in a sacred storehouse. Women and uninitiated men are never allowed to see them, under penalty of death or very severe punishment. These mysterious objects are considered to be associated with the spirit part of individuals, each Churinga belonging to a particular dead man whose spirit was elsewhere. According to

It is unnecessary to describe the ceremonies performed by the individuals represented in the accompanying illustrations, the inscriptions under the pictures sufficiently indicating what the performers are intended to represent. For details as to the many curious ceremonies connected with the social organisation and beliefs of the tribes of Central Australia, the remarkable work, some aspects of which have been



THE TWO CHIEF PERFORMERS IN A CEREMONY OF THE UNJIAMBA TOTEM.

The performer having the sacred pole upon his head has a shield in front of him and in his hand a few twigs, supposed to represent flowering *Hakea*, that is the Unjiamba.

Messrs. Spencer and Gillen, we have in the Churinga belief "a modification of the idea which finds expression in the folklore of so many peoples, and according to which primitive man, regarding his soul as a concrete object, imagines that he can place it in some secure spot, apart, if needs be, from his body, and thus, if the latter be in any way destroyed, the spirit part of him still persists unharmed."

mentioned in the foregoing, should be consulted. The volume is filled with information as to the character and meaning of ceremonies which Messrs. Spencer and Gillen were the first Europeans to witness, and on this account, as well as for the detailed description of the totem system by which the clans are bound together, it is a unique contribution to the science of anthropology.

Over-Sea Notes.

The Life of the Tsar. Nicolas II has his day's work sternly regulated. He rises at eight o'clock, and at nine drinks tea with the Empress.

At half-past nine he retires to his cabinet, where he spends an hour in reading the Russian and foreign newspapers. The two foreign papers which he never fails to examine are the "Paris Figaro" and the "London Times." At half-past ten he takes a sharp walk in the park or garden of the palace in which he is residing. At eleven begins the serious business of the day. State affairs are so arranged that the chiefs of two departments are received every day. To-day the Minister for Foreign Affairs and the Minister of Justice, to-morrow the Minister of War and the Minister of the Interior. After attending to their reports the hour for receptions has arrived. Even for the highest personages it is a difficult matter to have an interview with the Tsar. Every minute of his time is carefully calculated, and even Grand Dukes who are admitted to his presence are told before they enter the length of time which they are not to exceed. One day in every week is devoted to military reports. At half-past one the Tsar has luncheon with the Empress, a meal to which it is usual to invite any distinguished strangers visiting St. Petersburg. If the weather allows, the Emperor and Empress drive out after luncheon and make a call at one of the foreign embassies or visit one of the Grand Dukes. After their drive, the Empress receives a limited number of ladies to tea, the Tsar retires to his room and works alone. He is alone with his private secretaries from four till eight, reading the private reports of ministers and the confidential reports of the sixty-five provincial governors, each of whom is obliged to send a weekly report to the Tsar of the weightiest matters which concern his district. This is the time during which Nicolas II considers the new laws and regulations sent up to him from the Imperial Council and from the ministers. At half-past eight the Imperial family dines. Sometimes, when tired and worried, the Tsar dines alone with his consort, but usually he dines in the large hall of the winter palace, where covers are laid for forty persons. After dinner, the Tsar retires to his own apartments, and passes the evening with the Empress until eleven. From eleven to twelve he works in his cabinet. His adjutant awaits him here with the latest reports from the prefect of St. Petersburg and from the various ministers.

Scarcity of Teachers in Russia. The Tsar is most anxious to raise the educational standard of his people, especially of those inhabiting the European provinces of his vast Empire. He is ashamed that nearly seventy-five per cent. of his subjects can neither read nor write, and is desirous of

increasing the number of primary schools to such an extent that every Russian may have an opportunity of obtaining the rudiments of school knowledge. Recently the Tsar had a conversation with his new Minister of Education on this subject, and asked him to have inquiries made in the central and eastern provinces as to the number of schools and teachers which were still required to meet the wants of the population. After the lapse of two months the minister reported that in the provinces scheduled by the Tsar there were 17,000 teachers of primary schools, but, if his Imperial Majesty's wishes were to be carried out, a total number of 110,948 would be necessary.

Round the World in Fifty Days. The completion of the new Siberian Railway will enable travellers to proceed round the world in fifty days. As soon as the railway has been carefully laid down so as to enable express trains to run on it, the time will be still further curtailed. Starting from London, the traveller will proceed *via* Berlin and Moscow to Cheliabinsk, where he will arrive on the evening of the fifth day from London. From Cheliabinsk to Vladivostock right across Siberia eight days will be required. From Vladivostock to Shanghai the Russian volunteer steamers take three days. Shanghai, therefore, will be reached on the sixteenth day from London. From Shanghai to Yokohama two days are required, and from Yokohama across the Pacific to Vancouver twelve days. Travelling by the Canadian Pacific Railway, London can be reached from Vancouver in eighteen days. The entire cost of travelling over this route will be somewhat less than £40, not including food and other incidental expenses. At the present time the long sea voyage from London to Shanghai occupies about forty-five days, and the voyage round the world seventy-six days. The bare travelling expenses at present are not much under £75.

A Great American Railway Station. As one great railway station after another is built in the United States new methods are devised for handling the enormous passenger traffic of the great cities. The first of these modern triumphs of architectural and engineering science was erected at St. Louis, which may be described as the Crewe of the vast country west of the Mississippi River. It was followed two or three years later by the mammoth station of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company at Philadelphia, and this has now been followed by another equally commodious station at Boston, in connection with which there are several new developments in the arrangement of terminal facilities. The Boston station is larger even than that at St. Louis, hitherto

the finest railway station in the world. It is a union station, used by four of the most important of the New England railways. The building is 850 feet long and 720 feet wide, and covers an area of 506,430 square feet. The station in St. Louis covers an area of 472,680 square feet. There are at the Boston station departure and arrival platforms on two floors: on the lower floor for suburban traffic, and on the upper floor for trunk line travel. On the upper floor there are twenty-eight tracks. On the lower floor there are only four tracks; but in consequence of the adoption of the loop plan, which permits trains to pass through and out of the stations, these four tracks are nearly equal in operating capacity to the twenty-eight tracks on the upper floor. The station has been built to meet for many years to come the needs of the four lines now using it. When it was opened early in 1899, these four lines had a service of 710 trains a day, and were handling 25,000,000 passengers a year. In the yard outside the station there are fifteen miles of tracks, while in the station itself there are four miles. The building is remarkably self-contained. It includes 250 rooms and offices. The electricity for lighting the building and working the numerous passenger elevators is generated on the spot, and there is also an ice-plant capable of manufacturing twenty-five tons of ice a day for use on the trains departing from the station. As in the great station at Philadelphia, none of the passengers' luggage is hauled about on trucks on the upper platform. It is loaded on hand-trucks at the baggage-rooms, and the trucks are lowered to the floor below on hoists, and then carried to other hoists by which it is lifted to the doors of the baggage-cars on the trains. There is one general waiting-room. It is a magnificent hall, 225 feet long and 60 feet wide, and is lighted by 1,200 electric lights. The station is adjacent to Fort Point Channel, a tidal arm of Boston harbour, and, before building could be commenced, forty-two thousand piles had to be driven to protect the foundations from the tide. The site and the station have cost the railway company \$14,000,000. It has been estimated that this means a daily interest charge of \$1,600, irrespective of the cost of working and maintenance, and it has been further estimated that the expense of the railway companies for every passenger that enters and leaves the station will be 15 cents.

Street Locomotion. The readiness of Americans to throw aside machinery which has been superseded is excellently illustrated by a change which has been made in the motive power of the street-car lines on Broadway, New York. Broadway, as everybody knows, is the great central thoroughfare of the city. The vehicular and pedestrian traffic on it is immense, almost as large as that in Fleet Street and the Strand, Holborn and Oxford Street, and Commercial Road, Whitechapel, all combined. The great warehouses of New York are on the side streets off Lower Broadway, and a large part of the traffic from the wharves on the north and east rivers also goes along Broadway. Up to about 1884, there were no street-cars on this thoroughfare. Omnibuses were the only public conveyances. When the street-

car lines were first laid, horses were used. About 1892 horses gave way to cable traction, and the speed and carrying capacity of the cars were doubled. In many American cities about that time cars propelled by electricity were being introduced. But New York would not tolerate overhead trolley wires in Broadway, and the only alternative for the street-car company was to use the cable. It was an enormously costly system to instal; and from the first it had some drawbacks. It was, however, much better than horse power; and it was intended for service only until some plan could be devised of conveying electricity underground. The street-car company is now in possession of a plan for doing this, and after testing it thoroughly on several of the avenues of lesser importance it decided to throw out the cable machinery and substitute electricity. The cable machinery is by no means worn out. It could be made to serve for years to come. Just as soon, however, as better machinery came in sight, the cable, like other machinery which has served its end and its day, was sent to the scrap heap. In the realm of political science the United States have nothing to teach Old World countries, except what to avoid. In the use of machinery, however, the United States have made and are still making hundreds of experiments which are of value the world over—advances which other countries will have to follow. In no department of science is this more true than in that which embraces street locomotion. England is admittedly behind in the adaptation of machinery to street locomotion; but it now looks as though this tardiness would save England many costly experiments, and give opportunities of adopting methods and machinery which have successfully stood the test of experience.

Wayside Cachés.

An interesting usage of travel and exploration, which speaks well for the honesty of gold miners and prospectors, exists in the Yukon mining country in connection with what travellers call cachés. When miners and prospectors are moving supplies, if the exigencies of transport demand it, they leave portions in piles covered with snow. These piles, so deposited on the side of the trail, are spoken of as cachés, and the ownership of property so deposited is so well regarded that very seldom is a caché broken into or disturbed by people using the trail. If, however, a man is actually in want he will not hesitate to open a caché. Indians do so when pressed, but before they supply themselves from another man's store it is their custom to light a fire in front of the caché, to advertise, as it were, that they are not plundering the caché, that they are merely taking a meal, and that later on they will close the caché and resume their journey. The usage concerning cachés is so well understood, and the conditions are so almost universally respected, that in the Yukon country even guns and articles of clothing may be left at a caché, and it is sometimes asserted that it would be safe to caché a gold watch and chain. Occasionally a caché is despoiled by a vagabond tenderfoot who is unacquainted with mining country usages, or who is too inherently dishonest to respect them. But in these cases, when the thief is

caught, he comes in for much more serious punishment than if he had plundered a bank in an American or Canadian city. The custom was adopted by the miners from the Canadian Indians, with whom it would seem to have originated.

The Effects of Great Explosions. Some of the effects which followed upon the disastrous explosion which occurred near Toulon in the early part of March, when nearly fifty tons of gunpowder exploded, are of great interest. The country within

a radius of two miles from the magazine was swept almost bare. Houses were razed to the ground, trees were overturned, or bent and twisted into the most extraordinary shapes. The fields were not only devastated, but covered with stones and shrouded in a fine black dust. At a distance of five miles from the scene of the terrible mishap windows were shattered and doors battered in. The noise of the explosion was distinctly heard at places eighty-four miles away, and the disturbance was felt one hundred miles from its origin.

[From our own Correspondents.]

Varieties.

A Century of Work in Paternoster Row. The successive stages in the transformation of Paternoster Row to its present uses are described by Sir Walter Besant on another page. In the history of the great houses like Longmans, which have carried its fame into all the world, many of the foremost names in English literature have place; but in the aspect of the Row there is nothing to awaken reverence in any of the numerous pilgrims who come to it from every quarter of the globe. It is one of the narrowest, noisiest, and most inconvenient streets of modern London. The huge volume of trade which passes through it lies as much in the distribution as in the publication of books. The well-known "Simpkin & Marshall," for example, is the largest clearing house for the bookseller's trade in the world. Their stock covers more than a million titles, and the books, in small representative quantities, are ranged upon miles of shelving. Every day brings more than 800 letters containing orders, and each day these all are executed. To that end books may have to be collected from west and east, from north and south, of London. When it is remembered that there are other houses engaged also on a large scale in this distribution, there can be no question as to the place which Paternoster Row still has in the national life.

Our readers do not need to be reminded that an honourable share in its later history belongs to the Religious Tract Society, which this month celebrates the centenary of its origin. It was in 1806 that the Society first found a footing, at No. 60. In 1820 premises were taken in Newgate Street, but, the result not proving satisfactory, a return was made to Paternoster Row. No. 56 then became its home, and there, adjacent houses having been absorbed, it has carried forward its work for the greater part of the century. As its name indicates, the aim of its founders was definitely religious and missionary; as its resources increased, and the foundations of trade were secured, its gains were given over to the spread of Christian truth at home and abroad. Gradually the

sphere widened and the methods changed, but the dominating motive has remained the same. It has taken its part in the publication and distribution of a literature healthful and Christian in spirit, and adapted to all classes of the people. The range of its work has covered almost every need of the church and family. There was a time when it was a leader in many departments, and almost alone in fields that are now thronged on every hand. The total of its various issues in the circulation of ninety-nine years is summed in figures not easily grasped, 3,274,101,470. In this reckoning many minute publications, tracts, leaflets, separate cards, as well as magazines, are included, so that it conveys no clear idea of the nature of the work done, but only of its volume. To count these issues at the rate of sixty a minute, day and night, without ceasing, would take more than one hundred and three years. We get a little more light when we find that the number of publications issued in the ninety-nine years has been 26,662, and that the publications at present on the catalogue are about 10,000. The test of the century's work, however, is not in statistics of this order, nor even in the scope and quality of the Society's publications as judged by the standard the best and most useful of them have reached, but in the influence exercised, as testimony proves, over thousands of minds. The range of the Society's operations abroad is seen in the 220 languages, dialects, and characters in which they are carried forward. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" has been issued in ninety languages and dialects, and in most instances at the cost of the Society in whole or in part.

A word must be added respecting the "Leisure Hour" itself as one of its enterprises. Forty-seven years have passed since it was launched as a family magazine which should contain "information on literary, scientific, and general subjects, written in an attractive style and in a religious spirit." How far it has fulfilled this programme its readers can judge. It has not depended on popular names for its success, but many foremost men have been among its contributors, and not a few of its younger writers and artists

have risen to usefulness and fame. It has avoided sensationalism, but its range of interest has been wide, its sympathies have been with progress, and it has given the newest and the latest proportionate place. We have to thank many old subscribers who have followed our course through years past, some from the issue of the very first number, for letters of sympathy and encouragement. We are indebted also to friends who urge that the magazine is in danger of slipping out of the knowledge of the people by reason of the overcrowding pressure of unexampled competition. If the cordial words which reach us from hundreds who sympathise with our aim could be translated into active aid, we should have no fear of eclipse. One of the ablest of American monthlies, which had appealed to its readers, reported recently as the consequence a great and decisive advance in its circulation. May we commend the example?

The Thames Boat Race.

One of the most curious boat races that ever took place on the Thames was rowed in 1804. A crew of six London watermen were matched against six watermen of Gravesend to row from Gravesend round the Nore lightship and back up the Thames to Rotherhithe. The London men arrived at Gravesend the day before, and were "sumptuously entertained"—rather too sumptuously perhaps. In the morning an excellent start was made, and down Sea Reach the Londoners went ahead, but on nearing the Nore they met with a somewhat lively sea, which pitched their boat about so as to make them all sea-sick; and while in this condition the Gravesenders passed them and left them to be picked up. The Gravesend men rowed the whole course of 67 miles in 8 hours 17 minutes, one of the longest and fastest rows on record.—J. G.

Light Dues.

Our shipowners are protesting loudly against light dues, which seem a small matter to most landmen who know nothing of the subject, but it is really wonderful how the sixteenth of a penny total up. Every British ship outward or homeward bound has to pay so many sixteenths per ton for every light she passes by day or night. A vessel of 1,000 tons register on a voyage from Newcastle into the Bay of Biscay has to pay for all the lights on the East Coast and in the Channel, and the little bill amounts to over £50. The case is all the harder as vessels not starting from or bound to a British port pay no dues, although they may pass just as many lights as the others and be under British ownership. A remarkable instance of this occurred last year with regard to two sister ships of 2,565 tons register, both coming home with jute from Calcutta and both going back with salt. The one that went to Hamburg with her jute and shipped her salt there paid not a halfpenny; the one that took her jute to Dundee and loaded her salt at Middlesborough had to pay light dues to the tune of £127 7s. 6d. There is no getting away from this tax, as every vessel has to pay her light dues before she can get her clearance from the Customs, and the dues are not quite so light as their name would indicate.—J. G.

Travel Sketches.

"My advice again and again is to avoid all fine writing, all descriptions of mere scenery and trivial events. What the world wants are racy, real, genuine scenes, and the more out of the way the better. Poetry is utterly to be avoided. If Apollo were to come down from heaven, John Murray would not take his best manuscript as a gift. Stick to yourself, to what you have seen and the people you have mixed with. . . . Avoid words, stick to deeds. Never think of how you express yourself, for good matter *must* tell, and no fine writing will make bad matter good. Don't be afraid that what *you* may not think good will not be thought so by others. It often happens just the reverse. . . . New facts seen in new and strange countries will please everybody, but old scenery, even Cintra, will not. We know all about that, and want something that we do not know. . . . The grand thing is to be bold, and avoid the common track of the silver-paper, silver-fork blue-stocking. . . . Avoid rant and cant. Dialogues always tell; they are dramatic, and give an air of reality."—Richard Ford to George Borrow. (Knapp's "Life of Borrow," Murray.)

The Fox and the Fowls.

George Borrow, in a letter from Cornwall, says: "They tell singular tales about the manner in which the fox captures the fowls. For example, he goes under the tree where they are roosting, and, seizing his own brush with his teeth, turns round with amazing velocity, staring at them with fiery eyes. The poor fowls on the tree keep turning round their heads as he revolves, following the flaming of his eyes, till they become 'light'—that is, giddy—and fall down, when he despatches them and sucks their blood."

The Yangtse Valley.

"The Yangtse Valley and Beyond" was the subject of a lecture recently given by Mrs. Isabella Bishop, F.R.G.S., on behalf of the relief fund of the Foreign Press Association. Mrs. Bishop said that she had travelled for fifteen months in China, and particularly in the region watered by the Yangtse, and had been impressed with the vast capabilities of this, one of the largest rivers in the world, and perhaps the most important, considering the extent of its basin, the vast population of the valley, and its navigable length. Coal appeared to underlie the whole surface of West Szechuan, cropping out by the roadside, whence the children hacked it daily for cooking purposes. Those who spoke fluently of China in decay should visit this vast oasis—a paradise of fertility and prosperity. The organisation was a marvel. But what impressed her most were the organised charities of the Chinese. They included free ferries, soup kitchens, founding and orphan hospitals, dispensaries, asylums for the childless aged, beggars' refuges, and similar institutions; and many of the associations presented reports and balance sheets. In the present undignified scramble we were apt to think only of markets and territories, and to ignore the men and the fact that we were breaking up, without giving any equivalent, a most ancient civilisation, which was not yet decayed, and had many claims on our consideration.

British Coal in the Future. An important paper by Mr. T. Forster Brown on the limitations of the coal resources of the United Kingdom is published in the report just issued by the British Association for the Advancement of Science. In considering the coal question it must be remembered that probably 95 per cent. of our annual coal output comes from thick seams of coal accessible at a reasonable depth. In addition to these seams, a large amount of coal exists below the depth of two thousand feet or so, at which seams are now worked, and these resources are still practically intact, as well as many thin and inferior seams at shallow depths. At the present rate of working Mr. Brown finds that eleven-fifteenths, or about three-quarters, of the best coals found in this kingdom at depths less than 2,000 feet will be exhausted by the middle of next century. At the end of fifty years we shall still have coal resources remaining sufficient for the supply of the nation, at an average annual output of 250,000,000 tons, for upwards of 250 years; but the working of thin and inferior seams, or of seams at great depths, involves increased cost of production, so there will be a gradual rise of price. Mining and mechanical engineers have to consider how to improve existing appliances for working coal, so that the development of the unopened portions of our coalfields shall be accomplished without much additional cost. But probably before the middle of next century is reached an economical substitute for coal will have been found.

Astronomical Notes for May. The Sun rises in the latitude of Greenwich on the 1st day of this month at 4h. 33m. in the morning, and sets 7h. 21m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 4h. 16m.

and sets at 7h. 36m.; and on the 21st he rises at 4h. 2m. and sets at 7h. 50m. The Moon enters her Last Quarter at 5h. 47m. on the evening of the 2nd; becomes New at 5h. 39m. on that of the 9th; enters her First Quarter at 5h. 13m. on that of the 17th; becomes Full at 5h. 49m. on the morning of the 25th; and enters her Last Quarter again at 10h. 55m. on the night of the 31st. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, about 9 o'clock on the evening of the 1st; in apogee, or farthest from us, about half-past 9 on the morning of the 16th; and in perigee again about 7 o'clock on the morning of the 28th. No eclipses nor any special phenomena of importance will be due this month. The planet Mercury will be at greatest western elongation from the Sun on the 10th, and will be visible for a short time before sunrise during the first half of the month, moving from the constellation Pisces into Aries. Venus is still visible in the morning, but diminishing in brightness and rising about 3 o'clock; she also moves during the month from Pisces into Aries, keeping some distance to the west of Mercury. Mars is now in the constellation Cancer, and will pass into Leo before the end of the month, when he will set soon after midnight; he will be in conjunction with the Moon (then gibbous and approaching her First Quarter) on the evening of the 16th. Jupiter is a brilliant object all night in the eastern part of Virgo; he will be due south at 10 o'clock in the evening on the 22nd, and four hours afterwards in conjunction with the Moon, a little more than an hour before setting. Saturn is in the north-eastern part of the constellation Scorpio, near its boundary with Ophiuchus; he rises at the beginning of the month, about half-past 10 o'clock in the evening, and at the end of it about half-past 8.—W. T. LYNN.

The Fireside Club.

GREATER BRITAIN ACROSTICS. GREAT CITIES.

I

1. Yet still the brave remain undaunted by *thy* might,
Great king, and conqueror in every fight.
2. During the hour of terror wild, thy children thought
of *thee*,
And wondered if thy peaceful shores again their
eyes should see.
3. Nor gold nor titles serve to deck the greatest in
the fight;
Theirs be *undying* garlands culled from th'
Olympian height.
4. Unflinching, true, and fearless, loved in their
native land,
Great among all immortal names let *theirs* for ever
stand.

5. Out of the chaos see *an empire* rise,
Sword-won and ruled for England by statesmen
brave and wise.

THE WHOLE.

Besieged with pain and courage, world-heard thy
fateful name,
Our danger once, our glory now, our trial and our
fame.

*A prize of FIVE SHILLINGS will be awarded for the
best brief answer in rhyme to the above Acrostic.*

Two new Prize Competitions are offered to the
members of the Fireside Club this month (and the
Club simply means, be it well understood, all who
read our pages). Both call for some wit and ingenuity
in those who try them, but neither makes any great

demand on time or patience, so we may expect a large number of answers from among which to select the best.

PRIZE DEFINITIONS.

A Prize of FIVE SHILLINGS is offered for the best original definition of "The difference between men and women," or else for the best definition of the "Pleasures of a holiday." Either should be written very legibly on a postcard, with the sender's name and address, and reach us not later than the 20th of the month.

PRO AND CON ESSAYS.

A Prize of FIVE SHILLINGS will be awarded for the best miniature essay, not to exceed a hundred and fifty words, either on the advantages or on the disadvantages of living in a musical neighbourhood; the essayist to treat the subject from whichever side he prefers. The prize will be awarded for the most convincing essay, no matter which side it takes. Send in not later than the 20th of the month.

SERIES OF FIVE SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTICS.

FIFTH ANSWER.

Notwithstanding the extreme difficulty of the last acrostic of this series, so great is the ingenuity of his readers that the Editor has altogether failed to puzzle no less than five competitors, who have succeeded in solving every light of the fifth as well as of the first four acrostics of the series. These competitors are: C. Cloughton, A. A. Milne, G. Slater, H. E. Smith, E. B. Watson, while four, including a student of the age of fourteen only, were within one light of absolute correctness.

Instead of trying still further the patience and skill of these five successful competitors by setting a tie-acrostic for them to work off, the Editor decides to add another half-guinea to the promised prize of two guineas, and divide the sum among the five competitors, giving half-a-guinea to each.

A second short series of Shakespearian acrostics begins next month (these five prizewinners being debarred from competing).

The fifth answer is as follows: (The required words being *Wick, Indian, Turks, Care, Heart*—WITCH).

"There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of WICK or snuff that will abate it."
Hamlet. Act four, scene seven.

"One whose hand, like the base INDIAN, threw a
pearl away, richer than all his tribe."
Othello. Act five, scene two.

"News, friends, our wars are done;
The TURKS are drowned."
Othello. Act two, scene one.

"CARE keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie."
Romeo and Juliet. Act two, scene three.

"I thought thy HEART had been wounded by the
claws of a lion, . . .
Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady."
As You Like it. Act five, scene two.

THE WHOLE.

A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd.
"Give me," quoth I:
"Aroint thee, WITCH!" the rump-fed ronyon
cried. . . .
"The very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card. . . .
He shall live a man forbid; . . .
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost."
Macbeth. Act one, scene three.

GREATER BRITAIN ACROSTICS.

BURMAH.—PRIZE ANSWER.

The BELLS of Burmah clash and ring;
To faithful hearts what joy they bring!
UPPER BURMAH's cruel lord
Captured was by Britain's sword,
Where the RICE field's verdant plain
Yields its crop of precious grain,
And the MONKS in torn array
For Nirvana strive and pray.
Unless to ASIA's coasts you hie
Burmese soil you'll ne'er descry,
Nor to HAPPINESS attain
Unless o'er self you victory gain.

WHOLE.

O BURMAH! where so many sons of Merrie
England lie,
May England bring thee peace and rest and true
prosperity!

L. HARDING, Vellore, St. Mary Church, Torquay.

TEA-TABLE TOPICS.—*The prize of FIVE SHILLINGS goes this month to D. HARBORD, 37 Beverley Road, Anerley, S.E.*

TEA-TABLE TOPICS.

A prize of FIVE SHILLINGS is awarded for the best paragraph received under this heading.

The best guidance for the defective conversationalist may be given in a series of *don'ts*. *Don't* forget that to be a good hearer is the essence of the art of conversation. *Don't* dwell upon any point involving a question of sympathy too long, be it your health, or debateable opinions of a domestic, moral, or religious nature, but change the subject when reciprocity of sentiment is doubtful. *Don't* consider the half-audible conversation

at the other end of the room or across the dinner-table more interesting than that you are supposed to be engaged in. *Don't* look vacantly over your companion's shoulder at some distant object, with an expression of boredom in your face, as if to say, "Yes, yes, I know all about that, and could say it a deal better myself." *Don't* do more than your share of the talking; such greedy monopolising has been well reprov'd in the old aphorism:

"A civil guest
Will no more talk all than eat all the feast."

Fulfilled
Prophecy. A writer in the "Keepsake," some seventy years ago, made some wonderfully lucky hits in forecasting social and scientific achievements in what was then the distant future; nor have we had to wait until the year 2130 (the year the prophet chose, apparently at random) for all he imagined to become fact. What, for instance, but the telephone can correspond to the *telescope* through which Lady D. talks to her friend two miles off, or our lift to the *chair* on which visitors could ascend to an upper story, or the *automaton note-writer* to the modern type-writer? Mr. C. was seven hours and a half in coming from Edinburgh to London, because the roads were so heavy. This must have seemed extravagant to the readers of 1830; how little they thought that ere the century closed the speed would be nothing of a miracle, and the roads would have nothing to say to it!

The modern spread of cheap scientific knowledge, which had not begun in 1830, is strangely foreshadowed in such passages as these: "Love and Algebra," a novel, is under discussion. "Oh, don't look at it, . . . one of the common scientific works that are thumbed by coal-heavers and orange-women; . . . everything is taught them now by means of scientific novels."

Mental
Exercises. Following the very useful exercise given for suppleing the mind, among the Tea-Table Topics for March, two more are suggested.

For the four nouns chosen before, substitute as many others having the same meaning as quickly as you can, thus: for box give *chest, trunk, coffer, casket, case*, etc. It is surprising how few can be found in some instances, how many in others; and it is a good way of enlarging your vocabulary. Again, for gaining facility in expression, write a given simple sentence in as many different ways as you can, thus: I must go—leave, depart, start, cannot remain, must not stay, etc. It is interesting to notice the numerous ways in which various M.P.s and public speakers can clothe the same thought, one asserting his facts, another "not denying" them; one says "we are agreed" upon a subject, while another assures us "there can be no two opinions upon it;" while a third "takes the present opportunity," or prefers "not to let the present occasion pass."

A remarkable example of both these exercises in synonym may be taken from Psalm cxix., where

God's law is mentioned in each of the 167 verses, and the Psalmist's love and veneration for it expressed as often, yet in such a manner as neither to become monotonous, or to strike one as reiterative in style, although it renders it one of the most difficult to commit to memory.

Food in
Schools. Apropos of some remarks in these columns on this topic not long ago, a parent writes to represent the other side of the question raised (*see* p. 271). He says that in the case of more than one nervous and delicate boy he has seen remarkably good results in a short time from conformity to school diet and regulations, though naturally both were repugnant to the child at first. Self-control and, even more valuable, self-forgetfulness in regard to food are both learnt by force of circumstances in school as they cannot be learnt in a home, where too often the whimsical child's fancies are allowed to tyrannise over the comfort of others. The "take it or leave it" of school is a far healthier rule in almost every case than the understood "If you don't like to take it, you shall have something you like better" of home life. And that both appetite and health often greatly improve under the wholesome neglect of a wise master is, to adapt the phrase used on the other side of the argument, "matter of fact, not fancy."

Reminiscences
of a Curator. In a museum in one of the eastern countries is an interesting collection of antiquities, taken from a tumulus in Mexico, comprising stone weapons and implements, together with some potatoes as dry and hard, but still retaining the original shape. The curator showed these to a party of children, and mentioned that they were supposed to have been buried for 2,000 years. "That is quite impossible," remarked an old lady, "for we all know that potatoes were not invented till the reign of Queen Elizabeth; you ought to be careful what you tell young people," she added severely. Another visitor to whom the bust of a Roman centurion was pointed out remarked, "We had a centurion in our family who lived to be 101!"—J. S.

All papers for the different Prize Competitions announced in the FIRESIDE CLUB must be received by the 20th of the month. Write FIRESIDE CLUB outside the envelope, and address to the Editor, "Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

CHESS.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM ON p. 408.

1, P—B8=Kt, K—B sq. (or a). 2, R—QKt sq., K×Kt. 3, R—Kt8 mate.—(a) K—R2. 2, Kt—Q7, K—R3. 3, R—QR sq. mate.